

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XLI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1927.

No. 25

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THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

VERY important issues are raised by the quashing this week at the London Sessions of two recent Metropolitan police court convictions. In the one case the offence alleged was technically a trifling one, a matter of a £2 fine; in the other, it was serious, involving a sentence of three months' hard labour. But in both cases, it was of the same type; the type of alleged obscene or improper behaviour, in which the actual sentence matters far less than the damage which it does to reputation, in which the damage to reputation is not fully repaired when the conviction is subsequently quashed, in which, indeed, part of the damage is irreparably done by the mere allegation. In both cases the man whose character is now cleared was convicted on

uncorroborated police testimony. In both cases the Court of Sessions has not only quashed the sentence but has done so with an energy which indicates complete confidence in the baselessness of the charge. In these circumstances, it is profoundly disquieting that two such convictions should have been possible. They raise issues which it is not easy to discuss candidly, but which it is a public duty to discuss candidly.

* * *

In the technically trifling case, the formal charge against Major Graham Murray was that he was "drunk and disorderly"; but the sting lay in the allegation that the disorderliness consisted of "molesting women." A "young, businesslike woman" approached a police constable who was regulating traffic in Piccadilly and made a complaint, to quote the constable's evidence, "about a person's conduct." This woman promised to appear at Vine Street to support the charge, but failed to do so. Now, so far, there is not the smallest reason to doubt the story of the police. We do not suggest for a moment that a constable on traffic duty would arrest an innocent man on this sort of charge, unless some *bona-fide* complaint had been made. But we do suggest that the constable might very easily mark down the wrong man. The woman complaining might point out the wrong man; or the constable might mistake the man she meant. After all, there is a good deal of movement in Piccadilly; and a constable, who was so preoccupied with regulating traffic that he failed to take the woman's name and address, would not be in a good position to mark down a definite individual beyond the possibility of mistake. In most cases of the kind, no doubt, the police will pick out the right individual; but does anyone feel confident that they have a sufficiently lively sense of the possibility of error, or of the gravity of error in such matters, to ensure that they will not every now and then fasten on a quite innocent man?

* * *

It is at this point that our most serious misgivings as to the reliability of police evidence begin. Once the police have marked down a man as guilty of an offence, their allegations as to his subsequent behaviour must be received with considerable scepticism. Who feels any confidence in the statements which are common form in this class of case as to how the accused peered into the faces of one or two other women who moved away looking frightened? Once the police have made an arrest, they like to get a conviction. Loyalty in backing one another up is rated, we may suspect, as a higher virtue than an inconveniently scrupulous regard for truth. We hope that no one will accuse us of making monstrous accusations; for we are saying no more than what is among the platitudes of private conversation; and it is not our intention to reproach the police force. A tendency, once *bona-fide* suspicion is

aroused, to work a case up is almost inevitable. The moral we wish to emphasize relates to policy.

* * *

If, as we think is true, uncorroborated police evidence cannot be absolutely relied on, it follows, in our judgment, that charges which are supported only by such evidence should not be brought at all—at any rate in this type of case. For it cannot be said that prosecutions of this type serve any vital public purpose; while, on the other hand, an unjust conviction, or even an unjust charge, does the most cruel wrong to the individual, the most cruel which, short of the more extreme forms of torture, it is possible to conceive. And in all these cases there *must* be an element of doubt. It is not fair to lay all the blame on Mr. Mead or any other magistrate. It is true that, if the magistrates refused to convict, such cases would not be brought. But the primary blame lies at the door of those responsible for the policy which insists that such cases should be brought. There has been in recent years a marked tendency, representing a deliberate official policy, to pursue every sort of offence against propriety, serious and trivial alike, with a greatly increased vigour. This policy entails the systematic employment of the police as spies and even, it seems in some cases, as *agents provocateurs*. It opens out manifold possibilities of abuses, and leads inevitably to occasional miscarriages of justice such as those which have been exposed this week. We cannot see any public interest which the policy serves which is commensurate with the evils of these miscarriages of justice. It is untrue that it does anything whatever to promote the cause of moral purity. On the other hand, it is going far to undermine the sense of security—the first essential of civic liberty—in the mind of the ordinary citizen as he walks about the streets.

* * *

The Irish Free State election has left Mr. Cosgrave with a clear majority of five votes over the united opposition parties. It will obviously be impossible, or nearly impossible, for him to conduct parliamentary business with so small a preponderance. All business would be held up by snap divisions and minor crises. He will, presumably, form some kind of alliance, or come to some kind of agreement with the Labour Party. A working agreement between Mr. Cosgrave and the Irish Labour Party would, at the present moment, be easier to compound if Mr. Johnson, the leader of the party, had kept his seat. During the last few months Mr. Johnson at least proved himself a parliamentarian, and were he in a position to bargain on behalf of his party, there would be every reason to hope that Mr. Cosgrave would resume office under conditions that were not too burdensome. As matters stand, there is no means of telling whether the Labour Party will consent to support the Government on reasonable or even unreasonable terms, or whether it will refuse its support altogether, and embark upon a policy of securing small advantages by acting, or threatening to act, as a breaker of Governments.

* * *

It would be futile to deny that the Fianna Fail have very much strengthened their position. They have made electoral promises which they cannot be called upon to make good, they have secured an extremely good parliamentary position, and have no duty but to oppose the Government; this they can do most effectively, thanks to their numbers. A strong opposition can generally improve its position in the constituencies by constant declamation, so that the prospects of Fianna Fail are in proportion to their present advantages. They have secured this position by sheer good

fortune; for as far as we know, not one of their leaders can be given credit for a farsighted move or a statesmanlike utterance. And yet all that they have done has turned out well. The neutrality of the Roman Catholic hierarchy with regard to the oath-breaking declaration has been much commented upon. The Irish ecclesiastical authorities seem to have been following the papal policy of keeping the Church out of secular politics. They have evidently decided to treat the oath-breaking declaration as a matter of public policy, and to deal with individual oath-breakers through the confessional. There are, however, no grounds for supposing that the Church will deal severely with offenders, or that the penances imposed will affect the voting at the next elections.

* * *

The election by the Assembly of non-permanent members of the Council, at the end of last week, provided a surprise. Belgium, one of the retiring members, had given notice that she desired to stand for re-election, and it was generally assumed that the two-thirds majority in the Assembly required for this privilege would be forthcoming, as the backing of France and her satellites was assured. A strong feeling that the non-permanent members of the Council should be changed every three years, so that all the smaller Powers may have their chance, led, however, to the defeat of Belgium's claim, and the successful candidates were Cuba, Finland, and Canada. The election of a British Dominion to membership of the Council is likely to raise interesting questions respecting the constitution of the British Commonwealth. Meanwhile, the old Council has reached a deadlock on the Rumanian-Hungarian dispute and has adjourned till December. The centre of interest in Geneva is now the Third Committee of the Assembly, which is concerned with disarmament. The King Charles's head of the Protocol continually impedes the work of this Committee, but a proposal to set up a Committee of Arbitration and Security has been adopted. In this connection, it is interesting to note that a correspondence on the Protocol is raging in the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*, in which four members of the British Labour Cabinet have participated. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Parmoor defend the Protocol; Mr. Snowden and Colonel Wedgwood oppose it. Is it not obvious that no British Cabinet could ever in practice stand for the project?

* * *

A certain amount of prominence has been given to the naval manœuvres of the Soviet fleet in the Black Sea. These fleet exercises are complementary to the exercises which have been carried out for several years past in the Northern Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. The Soviet fleet is not exercised in what we call "blue water operations"; for the object of their manœuvres is always to test land defences against attack from the sea, and to practise the fleet in carrying out landing operations. As the exercises are generally carried out to a bawling accompaniment from the Commissars attached to the fleet, border States view them with the greatest apprehension. Certainly Soviet methods of government make these manœuvres look exceptionally unpleasant. Tactful Admiralties (like our own) most carefully disguise the identity of the "probable opponent" against whom their strategical combinations are directed. The Soviet Commissars, it would seem, proclaim the opponent before the manœuvres begin, and expatiate on his downfall when they are over. There is no excuse for this objectionable and unmilitaryrodomontade; but before certain border States embark upon costly programmes of coast defence—as some seem inclined to do—they would do well

to distinguish Soviet Russia's capacity for bragging from its capacity for military action.

President von Hindenburg, speaking at the Tannenberg anniversary celebrations, solemnly repudiated the charge that Germany was responsible for the war. Indeed, he seems to have gone further than a denial of what may be termed primary or principal responsibility, and stated that Germany had no responsibility in the matter at all. The Nationalist Press has, naturally, given great prominence to the President's speech, and hopes that it is a preliminary to diplomatic action on the matter. The *KÖLNISCHE ZEITUNG*, which is generally supposed to act in collaboration with Herr Stresemann, has issued a very wise corrective. The war-guilt question, it says, has nothing to do with German policy, nor can it be made a matter of diplomatic action. This means presumably that there is no immediate danger that an historical question will be forced into international politics; but it is to be feared that the Nationalists are hardly likely to let the matter drop. President von Hindenburg presumably made his utterance under some kind of pressure; for he has hitherto very carefully avoided the question. There is every reason to suppose that this pressure will be increased, and that the League or the ex-Allied Powers may some day have the question simply forced upon them. Fortunately, Herr Stresemann has a different conception of the statesman's business.

The comedy of the Franco-American tariff war has been carried a further stage. There has been an exchange of notes between Paris and Washington, but the text of the American reply is withheld from publication because the French, rather curiously, do not wish the exact nature of their representations to be known at present. The State Department, it is understood, adopts a conciliatory tone. Objection is not raised against the new French duties as such, but issue is joined on the question of the discrimination against imports from the United States—the discrimination, that is, involved in the grant by France of most-favoured-nation treatment to America's European competitors. Washington demands equivalent favours, but, of course, cannot offer them in return; the American tariff laws admit no favourable discrimination. But, on the other hand, the American President can by the exercise of arbitrary power raise the duties, against the discriminating countries by as much as 50 per cent. Here is a possibility of retaliation that would have stirred Joseph Chamberlain to envy; but we may take it that Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg will hardly be tempted to make use of the section of the U.S. Tariff Act which makes this possible as a means of persuasion in the present very awkward dispute.

President Coolidge's appointment of Mr. Dwight Morrow as Ambassador is the most hopeful thing that has happened in the relations between Mexico and the United States for a long time past. Mr. Fletcher, whom Mr. Morrow succeeds, was an avowed advocate of a "strong" policy, which to the oil interests means military intervention. His attitude was an embarrassment to Mr. Coolidge, who knows that the American public is overwhelmingly against any aggressive action likely to involve conflict. Mr. Morrow, a member of the J. P. Morgan firm, is a financier of an unusual kind. He has been associated with Mr. T. W. Lamont in many an enterprise of financial statesmanship, is identified with the most conciliatory methods, and has no sympathy with the policy of using the big stick in dealing with so-called backward Governments. Moreover, Mr.

Morrow, a college friend of the President's, is known in Washington and New York as his wisest counsellor and, many would add, as the one member of the White House circle who keeps Mr. Coolidge in touch with movements in the wider world. Mr. Morrow's appointment will need the confirmation of the Senate.

The most important incident in the American Presidential situation since Mr. Coolidge's statement that he did not choose to stand for re-election is the announcement by Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, that he is in favour of Mr. C. E. Hughes, the former Secretary of State, as Republican candidate. Mr. Hughes, who narrowly missed beating Woodrow Wilson in 1916, said a few months ago that he was too old. He is sixty-five, which means that if elected he would be sixty-seven at the time of taking office. That, for America, is old in view of the increasing burdens of the Presidency. It should, however, be noted that Mr. Hughes is a man of vigorous physique, as well as being a statesman of eminence and experience, that as Republican candidate he would be in the highest degree available, since he is already nationally known, and that Mr. Mellon who backs him is perhaps the most powerful man in the Republican Party. As for the Democrats, they will continue for some months longer to be doubtful about the wisdom of running Governor "Al" Smith. His enemies in the Democratic South are evidently getting energetically to work, using his Catholic faith and his hostility to Prohibition as their weapons.

The agenda of the annual conference of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, which will be held at Cardiff on October 6th and 7th, reveal sharp differences of opinion on House of Lords "reform" and the proposed extension of women's suffrage. The record of the National Union in the matter of the House of Lords gives piquancy to this year's conference, for it was this body which forced the reluctant Mr. Baldwin two years ago to pledge himself to introduce a scheme of reform in this Parliament, and it was at a Council meeting of the same organization that the Cave proposals were severely trounced at the end of June this year. A resolution is to be moved at Cardiff by Major Kindersley, M.P., "on behalf of Members of the House of Commons," congratulating the Government on its resolve to deal with the problem, and pledging support for the measures necessary to assure that the will of the people shall be safeguarded by an effective Second Chamber. Mr. R. S. Hudson, M.P., on the other hand, will ask the Conference to recognize "with reluctance that the result of recent discussion has disclosed the absence of that general measure of agreement which is an essential condition of durable constitutional reform."

The proposal to extend the franchise to women at the age of twenty-one on the same terms as men seems likely to divide the conference as sharply as the House of Lords question. Mr. Morgan Morgan, a member of the Central Council, will move a resolution calling on the Government to introduce without delay a measure enfranchising all women at the age of twenty-one. Mrs. Thomas of Wakefield believes, however, that twenty-five is a much more suitable age than twenty-one for conferring the vote on both women and men, while the Putney Conservative Association considers that the age limit for women voters should be twenty-five, but is prepared, apparently, to leave the male voters alone.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S SURTAX

IN our issue of August 27th, we criticized in severe terms the claim put forward by the Executive Committee of the Labour Party as to the yield of their proposed "surtax on income from property and investments." The proposal is "to pick out . . . unearned income *with exemption of the first £500 of such income*, and to impose upon it a special surtax which would average about 2s. in the £." The claim as to yield is as follows:—

"The figures furnished by the Board of Inland Revenue are such that the proposed new Surtax would yield about £85 millions a year."

We founded our criticisms on the manifest discrepancy between this claim and the passage in the Minority Report of the Colwyn Committee upon which it was apparently based. That passage ran as follows:

"We understand that, as far as the Income Tax is concerned, about 70 per cent. of the present yield comes from investment income, and that the mere restoration of the standard rate of tax upon *investment* incomes only to the level (6s. in the £) charged upon *all* incomes as recently as 1921-22 would yield about £85 millions."

There was no suggestion of exempting everyone's first slice of £500. We argued that these first slices must account for a large fraction of the total investment income of the country; and that their exemption must, therefore, alter the "order of magnitude" of the yield. We added some remarks on the "extraordinary slovenliness" of Labour Party research work, as illustrated by this patent miscalculation.

We observe that in the FORWARD (the Glasgow Labour paper) of September 10th, Mr. Lees Smith attempts to answer this criticism. Mr. Lees Smith is a member of the Labour Party Executive, and was also a member of the Colwyn Committee. His principal answer is to invoke the authority of the Inland Revenue Department. As a member of the Colwyn Committee, he had asked the Department,

"to state the probable yield of an additional and special tax of 2s. in the £,

"(a) on all unearned incomes;

"(b) on unearned incomes above £500 a year."

The Department, he declares, gave £85 millions as the answer to the first question, and, by way of answer to the second, proceeded:—

"To begin at £500 would make little difference."

Great as is our respect for the Inland Revenue Department, we were unable to accept this dictum as even plausible. We, therefore, communicated with the Department, and we have now obtained from them the following statement:—

"The estimate of £85 millions, quoted by the Minority Report of the Colwyn Committee as the estimate of the yield of a restoration of the standard rate of tax upon investment income only to the level of 6s. in the £, would have to be substantially reduced, if the first £500 of investment income were in all cases exempted."

It is evident, therefore, that the statement previously furnished by the Department to Mr. Lees Smith must have been based on some misunderstanding. We can only suppose that the Inland Revenue misapprehended the question asked. Perhaps they took it to refer to the exemption of those whose *total* income

(earned and unearned together) is below £500, which would be a very different matter.

Whatever the nature of the misunderstanding, two things are clear. On the one hand, in claiming £85 millions as the yield of their surtax, the Labour Party Executive were not so grossly careless as we had supposed. They had a letter from the Inland Revenue to go upon, which seemed on the face of it to justify their claim. We should have thought that five minutes' reflection would have suggested that there *must* be some mistake. But, in face of this letter, our charge of "extraordinary slovenliness" clearly goes beyond the mark, and we therefore withdraw it. On the other hand, on the main point—the yield of the surtax—it is clear that we were right. The estimate of £85 millions would have to be "substantially reduced if the first £500 of investment income were in all cases exempted."

Before attempting to estimate the magnitude of this error, it is necessary to call attention to another respect in which either the estimate or the surtax itself is open to serious criticism. The sums retained by companies out of their profits, and put to reserve, account for an important part of the total income of the country. They amounted to £219 millions in 1922 and £217 millions in 1923 (Colwyn Report, p. 147). On these undistributed profits income tax is levied in all cases at the standard rate of tax; so that an extra 2s. in the £ on "all income other than earned income" (the formula employed by the Inland Revenue in their letter to Mr. Lees Smith) would take from these profits exactly 10 per cent., or nearly £22 millions. In other words, the £85 millions of the Inland Revenue estimate include about £22 millions in respect of company reserves. And the question arises: Do the Labour Party Executive mean to apply their surtax to these company reserves?

If they do, they have not made their meaning very plain. The word "surtax," the exemption of the first £500, the proposal that the tax should be graduated, the advocacy of it as a substitute for the capital levy, the whole way in which the project is stated, suggest a tax confined to individuals. Indeed it is more than a matter of suggestion; the principle of graduation is incompatible with a tax falling on legal persons as well as individuals. We may add that a proposal to "surtax" company reserves would be a curious one. It is the generally accepted view that it would be desirable, if it were not for administrative dangers, to tax undistributed profits more lightly than other income. Undistributed profits are, after all, one of the principal means of the capital extension of business. The soundness of this view may be disputable. But it would seem difficult to justify a move in the opposite direction, which would subject undistributed profits to a new surtax from which distributed profits would (by virtue of the substantial £500 allowance) be largely exempt. In view of all these considerations, we cannot suppose that the Labour Party Executive intend, consciously and seriously, that their surtax should apply to company reserves. If they do, they ought certainly to say so. If they do not, we start off with an error in the calculation of £22 millions. An extra 2s. in the £ on the investment income of individuals would yield not £85 millions but £63 millions.

What further "substantial reduction" must be made for the exemption of the first £500? To answer this question, we must first form an estimate of the proportion of investment income which would be exempt under this proviso, and then allow for the extent to which such income is at present exempt from income tax. We cannot attempt to give more than the skeleton of our calculations; each of them is necessarily somewhat rough, since precise data are not available; but we assure our readers that we have attempted throughout to estimate moderately and to give the Labour Party the benefit of the doubt. In the light of the figures relating to the proportions of the Estate Duty yield obtained from estates of different sizes, we estimate that about one-third of the total investment income of individuals belongs to persons with less than £500 investment income. The whole of this would be exempt from the surtax. Against this must, of course, be set the fact that part of it is now exempt from income tax, and we shall allow for this in due course. It will be convenient to say now, however, that we propose to allow a total figure of £12 millions in respect of existing exemptions. In other words, if *all* investment income, held by individuals, were taxed an extra 2s. in the £, without any allowances or abatements, the total yield might be £12 millions more than the £63 millions which we started with, *i.e.*, it might be £75 millions. It is to this £75 millions that we must apply our proportion of one-third. The complete exemption of those with less than £500 investment income would, on this assumption, reduce the yield of the surtax by about £25 millions.

There remains the case of those with more than £500 investment income, who would get exemption on their *first* £500. Mr. Lees Smith himself estimates the number of these individuals at about 250,000. We think that he has here over-stated the case against himself, and that 200,000 would be nearer the mark. Taking 200,000, the yield of the surtax must be further reduced under this head by £10 millions

$$(200,000 \times £500 \times \frac{2s.}{20s.}).$$

Thus the gross deductions for the £500 exemption amount in all to about £35 millions. Now for the allowance on the other side. What proportion of the income that would be exempted from the new surtax is now exempt from income tax? This is the factor which it is most difficult to measure with any sort of precision. One can do no more than make a reasonable guess. But let us enumerate the considerations which are relevant to a reasonable guess. Anyone whose income is partly earned and partly "investment" gets his allowances and abatements off the earned portion, and thus (if his earned income is large enough to cover these allowances) pays on all his investment income at the full standard rate. This must be the position of almost all professional, salaried, and business men, who must surely account for the greater part of the total investment income. Those who do not pay at the full rate on all their investment income will be limited, for the most part, to people with practically no earned income, *e.g.*, widows, unoccupied women and men generally, and retired persons. Moreover, the abatements which these people obtain fall far short of a complete exemption of their first £500. An unmarried person, for example, only gets exemption on the first £135, pays at half the standard rate on the next £225, and at the full rate on everything above this. In the light of all these considera-

tions, we say that the investment income which escapes income tax at present cannot reasonably be put at more than one-third of the figure of the income which would be exempt under the surtax proposal. We do not think it likely that the proportion is nearly as high as this. But as the matter is essentially guesswork, we are anxious to be on the safe side; and we say that one-third is the highest guess which is in the least plausible. Applying one-third to the £35 millions which would be lost to the surtax by the £500 exemption, we get £12 millions as the highest possible allowance that can be made on the other side. Thus the net deduction to be made is £23 millions, and we finally reach the figure of £40 millions as the yield of the surtax (unless it is to apply to company reserves). In other words, the Labour Party Executive over-estimated by fully 100 per cent.

We ask the indulgence of our readers for these possibly wearisome calculations. The matter is one of some real public importance, in view of the fact that the Labour Party is to be asked to adopt this surtax, and incidentally to commit itself to this figure, with pomp and ceremony, at its forthcoming Annual Conference. We must not attempt now to discuss the merits of the surtax. We shall say only that, in view of the existence of Super-Tax, it would be quite impracticable to graduate the new surtax at all steeply, and that we have yet to discover any advantage which it has over a humdrum increase in the standard rate of income tax, coupled with additional abatements, if desired, on the lower ranges of income.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SLUM

WE shall shortly build the millionth post-war house, the result of an effort probably greater than that of any other country; an achievement of which we have every right to be proud. It is an occasion when we should take stock of the housing problem as a whole. Can we be satisfied with what we have done? Are we still on the right lines? Above all, what about the slum?

As regards the clerk and the artisan, who can afford a rent (including rates) of 10s. a week and upwards, we have done very well. The whole of the million houses are built for them; well designed, well built, and well laid-out; they set a new standard of working-class housing, the best the world has ever known. It seems likely that, at the present rate of building, the demand for these "artisan" houses will be met, in most parts of the country, in the next two or three years.

It was hoped that the building of these houses would mean a steady upward movement from the smaller and older houses, rapidly reducing the pressure of overcrowding right down to the slums. Unfortunately, so far as I have been able to discover, this hardly seems to be happening at all. An investigation made a few months ago into seventy houses, rented at about 6s. inclusive, in a rich suburb of Manchester, showed that one-third of them, which had been overcrowded in 1919, were equally overcrowded now; only one single family had moved up into a new house.

So far it would seem to be nearly true to say that nothing whatever has been done for the slum; that all the millions of public money that have been spent since the War have been for the sole benefit of the artisan class.

It was undoubtedly necessary to tackle this problem first. We are now within sight of its solution; there is general agreement that we must continue to build artisan houses till the demand is satisfied. As to what we are to

do next, there is again general agreement that we must tackle the slum problem, but no agreement whatever as to what is a slum, how we are to abolish it, or what it will cost to do so.

A house is made "unfit for human habitation" by one or more of three things: unfitness of the structure, including such conditions as dirt, darkness, and disrepair; overcrowding the houses by too many residents; overcrowding the ground by putting too many houses on it. Different towns have widely differing standards. We cannot even make an intelligent guess as to the magnitude of the task of abolishing the slums till we make up our minds what a slum is. This can only be done as a result of a public inquiry, and the thorough ventilation of the whole subject. It is the first task for the Royal Commission on Housing, which ought to be immediately set up.

Their second task will be to consider the various methods of dealing with the problem. Broadly speaking, there are two: "reconditioning"—the improvement and repair of existing houses; and slum clearance, the destruction of existing houses and the rehousing of the inhabitants in new houses, either on the same site or elsewhere. A good deal of experience is available as to both these methods. A striking example of what can be done by reconditioning is given by Manchester, which pursued this policy steadily for forty years before the War, with the result that back-to-back houses were abolished, and that, with isolated exceptions, it is true to say that every house in Manchester has a separate paved yard, a separate water closet, and a supply of water laid on in the house. This is a remarkable achievement, especially when considered in relation to the position in other great cities, and seems to indicate that the Manchester method should be generally adopted. Unfortunately, owing to the excessive overcrowding and the difficulty of closing every house, even temporarily, for alterations or repairs, the work has not been resumed since the War.

As regards slum clearances, a number of small experiments have been made, and useful experience is being accumulated as to the degree to which rehousing on the site is necessary, the rents that the tenants are able and willing to pay for better houses, and the possibility of designing blocks of flats, six, eight, or even ten stories high, which are really suitable for working-class tenants. Interesting experiments are also being made at Birmingham and elsewhere as to the possibility of building much smaller houses or flats than the usual artisan type, and letting them at rents well below 10s.

All these developments require careful examination by a competent authority, which should make widely known the best-known method of dealing with the problem under varying conditions.

But assuming that we were able to provide enough good houses, of the right type and size, for the whole population, we should still not have solved the housing problem. One of its gravest aspects is that the families are, for economic reasons, wrongly distributed, the large families overcrowded in the small houses, and the large houses under-tenanted by the small families. The only class of manual labourer who can afford the larger house, at 15s. to 20s. a week, is the artisan with few children or none. The artisan with three or more children, generally speaking, cannot afford a three-bedroomed house, and is forced to crowd his family into two bedrooms. In the investigation above referred to, the seventy two-bedroomed houses were occupied by families averaging over four persons, counting a child under ten as half an adult. On a neighbouring Corporation estate, the four-bedroomed houses had less than two and a half persons each. That is the

paradox of housing: we build houses of varying sizes to suit families of varying sizes, and then proceed to put the small families into the large houses, and to squeeze the large families into the small houses.

If the housing problem is to be solved, this must be changed. It must become the rule for a newly married couple to go into a small house, to move into a larger one when the size of the family demands it, and back into a small one when the children are married and scattered. How is this to be achieved? By some system of family allowances or of insurance, by rebates in rents for large families? Various suggestions are put forward; a few small experiments have been made. From the point of view of public health this is perhaps the most urgent, as it is certainly the most difficult, aspect of the housing problem. Full ventilation and discussion by a Royal Commission seems to be the only hope of rapid progress towards its solution.

Such are some of the questions to which answers must be found if the Housing problem is to be solved. We do not know to-day what we mean by the word "slum," what minimum standard of housing we are prepared to accept, how we should set about the task of getting it, what it will cost. Certainly the public does not know, nor does Parliament; nor, I believe, do Housing Committees and the Ministry of Health. It is over forty years since the last Royal Commission reported on Housing. Unless another is appointed without delay, we shall very shortly find that the artisan housing problem is solved, that the slum problem is untouched and becoming steadily more acute, and that nobody knows what to do next.

E. D. SIMON.

THE DEBATE IN THE ASSEMBLY

GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 16TH.

THE first part of the work of the Assembly—the full-dress debate on the Council's report for the year—is now concluded, and some remarks on the subject may be of interest.

To begin with the externals, nothing can be less impressive than the proceedings. The hall is a bad one—bad for hearing, bad to look at, and bad in physical atmosphere. Few people could spend an hour or two there without contracting headache. That, however, is not a fault but a misfortune of the League, and it should be remedied when the proposed new hall is built. What is worse is that the lack of dignity conspicuous in all modern assemblies has been extended to this Parliament of Man. Most of the delegates have to speak in a language with which they are imperfectly acquainted. Most of them have not, in any case, the art of speech. Every speech has to be translated into either French or English, and while this is occurring a buzz of conversation makes it difficult for those to hear who desire to listen. No one would think that the great affairs of the world were being debated with a view to fateful decisions. On the contrary, everyone feels that the real business is being transacted somewhere behind the scenes, and the correspondents vie with one another to be the first to collect the latest private rumour. Much of this, perhaps all of it, is inevitable in the present stage of affairs. Modern democracies have lost the great tradition of form which tempered the abuses of monarchy and aristocracy. It is said that an enthusiastic American offered the Council a gift of scarlet headdresses and robes. They were wise, no doubt, not to accept. Yet only when such splendour seems natural will the League of Nations have a bearing worthy of its high calling.

Turning to the debate, any visitor must be impressed by the fact that the only orators are the Latins, for even M. Politis, the Greek, was trained in France. They have both the instinct and the training for great declamation, and they seem to be the only moderns who have. The British are growing more and more to despise this art. But in its place it is of the first importance; and its place is pre-eminently the Assembly. For that body cannot transact business, it can only concentrate emotion; and emotion, reverberating throughout the world, is the only driving force for great policies. In this connection, the great event of the Assembly, this year as last, was M. Briand's speech; and once more his incomparable gesture of reconciliation with the hereditary foe was more than a word, it was an act. Such acts make it harder for statesmen behind the scenes to exorcise the new spirit that is beginning to inhabit the world.

M. Briand's oration was remarkable more for its form than its matter. Herr Stresemann, who is no orator, responded with what was in substance the most important contribution to the debate. No warlike word fell from the representative of the once most bellicose nation in Europe. On the contrary. "War," he said, "could neither lead the way to a better future, nor could it govern the principles of evolution. War could only result in further misery and confusion for mankind and finally in anarchy." "Reactionaries," he admitted, "there were in every country, at grips with those who were seeking the way to a new era. The harmony of understanding and peace is broken by feelings of mistrust, hatred, and groundless national passion. Such opinions are broadcast by the Press, which in response to a sensation-loving public, frequently gives a false picture of the real power and importance of such feelings." "But," he went on, "there could be no question of the German people's acceptance of the basic idea of understanding and peace." As proof of his sincerity Herr Stresemann approved the Polish proposal, in favour of a solemn declaration by the members of the League that they condemn and renounce aggressive war. In opposition to Signor Scialoja, he maintained that such a declaration would have a real effective influence and would be by no means negligible. "Faith in ideas might be just as important as legal formulæ. It was the spirit of peoples that led to peace and not mere written words." As a final gesture he announced his intention of signing, during the present session, the optional clause whereby members accept for legal disputes the jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

By contrast Sir Austen Chamberlain could not fail to disappoint. Of his sincerity and honesty no one has any doubt, and for that reason he is personally popular. But his policy is fatal to the development of the League. The British Empire, without, no doubt, intending or desiring it, is in fact generally recognized to be the obstacle to all progress. It may or may not be true, as Sir Austen affirmed, that Great Britain has arbitrated more problems than any other country in the world. But that was before the Great War; and if it be true that she has arbitrated more grave questions, she has also fought more wars than any other country. The world needs now a great step forward unless it is to lapse backward into destruction. And that step our Government will not take.

Nor had Sir Austen any comfort to offer on the subject of disarmament. Our Navy, he said, "could not be compared with that which we had maintained before the war." But before the war we were engaged in naval competition with Germany. Against whom are we now building? Echo alone answers. But the words it seems to carry are Japan and the United States; with both of whom statesmen affirm

that war is "unthinkable." It is not party spirit, it is loyalty to the League and to peace, which compels friends of the League to look forward to a change of Government in England.

In one respect, however, the British Delegation was satisfactory. Sir Edward Hilton Young made a good free trade speech to welcome the resolutions of the Economic Conference. On this subject there was no dissentient voice in the Assembly, and the permanent organization may now proceed, not without good hope, to the difficult and complicated task of endeavouring to give practical effect to the resolutions. In this task it will have the assistance of all intelligent business men.

Finally, it should be noticed that there were interesting manifestations from some of the smaller States of their impatience and anxiety at the growing tendency of the Big Three to remove all important questions from the sphere of League activity. These anxieties were voiced most effectively by the Norwegian delegate, Mr. Hambro, and the applause from the galleries showed that he had hit the mood of the general public. The attack called out the usual defence, voiced not only by Sir Austen, but by M. Motta and M. Politis. The latter, indeed, appears to have effected a quick change from Radicalism to Conservatism in League affairs. "Wait," was the burden of his speech; and an ironic commentary seemed to be in the air—"Yes—wait—till the next war." The word had its fortune: "Wait but hope," said one; "wait but aspire," another. Till M. Lange killed that wandering spirit with the ruthless bludgeon "Act!"

The centre of interest is now transferred to the Third Commission, which has to deal not only with the general problem of disarmament and the report of the Preparatory Commission, but with the Polish resolution banning aggressive war, and the Dutch one tending to revive the discussion of the "principles" of the Protocol. What will emerge from this important and interesting programme it would be premature to prophesy. Lord Onslow has expressed the opposition of the British Empire to any further discussion of the Protocol, so on that point the Commission cannot be unanimous. But in any case the Commission does not intend to leave disarmament to perish of inanition in the death-chamber constructed by professional soldiers and sailors. For the moment we can only "wait and see."

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

THE VANISHING COUNTRYSIDE

THE public agitation which is renewed every summer by fresh evidence as to the dangers threatening the English countryside has been enlivened this year by the noteworthy episode of the War Office and the Surrey commons. The War Office came in for a thorough hammering because it was believed to be attempting a particularly hideous outrage upon the noble range of commons lying between Godalming and Farnham. That delightful neighbourhood is as the apple of the eye to many thousands of people in the metropolitan region, and a great cry of alarm was immediately raised. The daily Press took it up, and the Earl of Middleton, formerly M.P. for Godalming, and an hereditary landlord in the district, mobilized the landed interest of West Surrey against the vandals of Whitehall. Lord Middleton's activity was warmly welcomed. He enjoyed the unusual experience of being praised as a champion of popular rights, and the War Office was compelled to reply. It issued a brief memorandum explaining and defending its course of action. This, as it happens, is one of the most important documents of recent

years connected with rural policy, and the evolution of English country life. Its substance and implications deserve careful attention.

The War Office affirms that, contrary to current rumour, it has no plan for establishing a permanent camp at Elstead, buying up large areas of land, or converting the neighbouring commons into a great military training ground. Its proposals, we are assured, go no further than an endeavour to preserve for the troops in the Aldershot Command such opportunities for training as they have enjoyed, but are now losing. The land owned by the War Department is insufficient for field training. Hitherto the military authorities have had to rely upon the goodwill of the landlords. Gratitude for this valuable goodwill is expressed, but, it is pointed out, the situation is changing with the changing character of the southern counties—a development, as our readers are aware, upon which *THE NATION* has recently dwelt with especial emphasis. And in this connection the War Office brings out two points of capital importance. They are, first, that some lands to which the military authorities have had access in the past are now withdrawn, and, secondly, that others are “becoming isolated or so cut up by building operations as to be of no value for training purposes.” The War Office, therefore, is seeking to acquire manorial rights and the freehold of certain lands adjoining. It desires that this area should not be encroached upon, but should be permanently protected from building, while the necessary crossings to connect one part of the training area with another may be secured.

Now, this is a fairly good and intelligent departmental defence, and it deserves to be treated with respect. The public, however, holds, and rightly holds, that the War Office is not to be trusted in this matter. The desolation in Wiltshire and Dorset is there as an exhibition of what the military bureaucrats are capable of; and their deeds are all the more shocking because they themselves come as a rule from the class which, by tradition, and family interest, is supposed to have a special concern for the English country. Nor, as a matter of fact, should the War Office have any claim at all upon the open spaces, whether public or private, of such counties as Surrey: they are far too valuable for residence and for recreation. But it has to be recognized that, in their search for available areas, the military authorities have found, as the general public is finding, that the English countryside is shrinking, rapidly and continuously, through the operation of the two forces particularly mentioned in the memorandum.

The steady closing of private estates to the people by the exercise of manorial rights is a movement that is especially noticeable in the Home Counties. Go into any district within the forty-mile radius, and you will be provided with overwhelming evidence as to meadows, woods, and downs that have been available to the public from a time beyond the memory of man, being barred; of footpaths being shut or obliterated, and rights of way denied. This policy is being everywhere adopted by hereditary lords of the manor as well as by landlords of the new order, whose character is only now being revealed to their rural neighbours. Sometimes the motive is mere exclusiveness or the desire to assert the landlord's right. Sometimes the move is dictated by fear of the swiftly spreading urban population and the enlarging crowds of excursionists making use of cars and charabanes. Sometimes it is directly connected with the creation of those new residential settlements, the multiplication of which is the most striking feature of development in the Home Counties since the War. There at all events is the fact: the English people, and especially the people of London, are losing their open country at an alarming rate. For hundreds of years their

neighbours on the Continent have envied them this peculiar possession or privilege—not the English landlord system (Heaven forbid!): but the decency, the neighbourliness, the easy good-fellowship, which has left the fields and woods in so large a measure open to the villager and to the wayfaring stranger. All that is being brought to an end. Our townfolk are moving out from the great centres upon an ever-widening scale. Seeking the country, they destroy the countryside, and prepare for their children an England consisting of interminable suburbs traversed only by motor roads. Precisely that, says the War Office in effect, is what is happening already over the delectable district between Aldershot and the Hog's Back, the district for which—paradoxically, as some may think—it professes anxiety. The warning at any rate is salutary and valuable.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE COMPULSORY JURISDICTION OF THE PERMANENT COURT

SIR,—Your advocacy, in your article last week upon “Britain and the League,” of the signature of the Optional Clause in the Statute of the Permanent Court with a view to coming under a legal obligation to refer all legal questions to it leads me to make a few remarks. The policy is not quite so simple as some of your readers may think, and it is desirable, before exerting ourselves to advance this policy, that we should understand all its implications.

Submission to the compulsory jurisdiction of a court of justice presupposes, firstly, confidence in the ability and integrity of its judges (which exists in this case), and, secondly, the existence of a well-established body of rules of law to be administered by that court and a general acquiescence in the soundness and justice of those rules. Does the second of these postulates exist?

International law is undoubtedly law, but it is in a more primitive stage of development than the law, say, of England, France, or Germany. Consequently we find that as regards considerable areas of the province of international law there are gaps not yet filled up with any rules, or gaps which jurists of different schools or different countries think ought to be filled up with different contents. I shall take two illustrations.

(1) Let us suppose that you write concerning the Government of Ruritania one of those penetrating and disturbing leaders of yours which make some of our European dictators so uncomfortable. Next summer—in search of a summer—you visit Ruritania. You are arrested, tried, and convicted of the offence of stirring up disaffection against the Government, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. I and your other friends, both on personal and on public grounds, move heaven and earth to get you released, and we induce the British Government to assert its protection over you, on the ground that by international law Ruritanian courts have no jurisdiction over aliens in respect of offences committed abroad. The Ruritanian Government refuses to admit this proposition of law, and the dispute between the two Governments, being of a legal nature, goes automatically to the Permanent Court. There is hardly any doubt that the Permanent Court would uphold the contention of the Ruritanian Government so that you would spend a year in prison; because Great Britain and the United States (with the addition perhaps of Denmark and Portugal) are almost alone in face of the world in denying to a State any criminal competence over offences committed by aliens abroad, and it is virtually certain that the Permanent Court would by a majority with perfect sincerity and integrity be against us. This illustration I owe to a recent article by Professor J. L. Brierly, of Oxford, the British member of the League Committee of Experts on Codification, and *rapporteur* of a Sub-Committee dealing with this subject.

(2) A British ship comes into collision *on the high seas* with a Turkish ship, and some Turkish subjects are drowned. When the British ship arrives at Constantinople,

her captain is arrested and tried and sentenced for manslaughter. The British Government claims that as the collision took place on the high seas the only court which by international law has valid criminal jurisdiction over the British captain is a British court. This legal dispute between Great Britain and Turkey goes automatically to the Permanent Court (assuming that Turkey has adopted the Statute and the Optional Clause); the Court would decide in favour of Turkey, and the British captain would serve his sentence. If you substitute French for British, this is what happened this month in the case of a collision on the high seas between a Turkish and a French ship. The Permanent Court gave judgment in favour of Turkey by the President's casting vote, the British, French, and American judges being amongst the minority.

I suggest that the question for your readers to consider is not simply: Ought we to adopt the compulsory jurisdiction or not? But rather, When ought we to do it, and to what extent? Shall we do it now, or shall we wait until further considerable portions of international law have been codified, which the League is at this moment actively trying to bring about through the instrumentality of its Codification Committee? And shall we do it wholesale, or only piecemeal as regards those portions of law which may progressively become embodied in codes which receive our assent? As you point out, the adoption may be made subject to reservations, and in 1924 the British Cabinet which commended the "Geneva Protocol" to the country announced that it would reserve from its adoption of the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court all questions arising out of the belligerent operations of the British fleet.

It may be that it is politically desirable that we should do something which scientifically is unsound. You are better able to estimate the political reasons than I am. I only ask that there should be weighty political reasons and not merely an emotional "gesture." But I wish it to be understood that if we do adopt the compulsory jurisdiction at the present stage, we must make up our minds to submit with a good grace to the possibility of judgments, given with the utmost good faith and good learning, which may surprise us. Perhaps it is worth while.

I may add that out of the twenty cases which came before the Court up to the end of last year Great Britain had appeared in seven, and I can call to mind another dispute which Great Britain offered to refer to the Court.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD D. MCNAIR.

Cambridge.
September 18th, 1927.

SIR,—In your account of the reluctance of the Government to adhere to the "Optional Clause," you mention differences as to Prize Law and apprehensions of the Dominions as to matters of immigration as the determining considerations. It may be interesting to recall that at one time there was another.

Expression was given to it by Lord Balfour at the First Assembly in the course of the debates on the constitution of the Permanent Court. I cannot be more precise as I am out of the reach of references.

The original proposals of the Commission of Jurists, which worked out the scheme of the Court, embodied not an optional but a compulsory clause. The clause, amongst other things, required submission to judicial settlement of any dispute involving any question of international law.

Lord Balfour opposed the proposed clause with vigour and vehemence. In a characteristic passage he expressed apprehension as to the rigidity and inelasticity of international law, and contrasted the necessarily narrow outlook of the international lawyer with "the wider vision granted to politicians."

What was in his mind was no doubt a recollection of our controversies with America on the subject of the blockade during the war.

Our escorting of ships into port for the purposes of search and our whole handling of the "long-distance blockade" were far beyond any existing precedents of international law, but our contention was that adherence to the precedents under the changed conditions of interna-

tional warfare would make the whole machinery of blockade ineffective, and that international law must be held to have developed apace with these changed conditions.

Lord Balfour appears to have conceived the idea that at some future time a crisis might arise at which it might be doubtful whether the developments of international law would be held to have kept abreast of the necessities of the situation, and when it might be safer in the interests of the Empire to preserve the alternative of reference to the Council.

I believe I am right in saying that in the subsequent formal expositions of the British standpoint by Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lord Cecil and Sir Cecil Hurst, this apprehension did not find a place. Lord Balfour's contention, therefore, must be considered not as representing the views of the British Government, but simply as one of his own brilliant improvisations. While it is no doubt satisfactory to reflect that it has disappeared from the scene, it may nevertheless be of interest to recall it.—Yours, &c.,

ANTON BERTRAM.

Headland Hotel, Newquay, Cornwall.

SECURITY AND DISARMAMENT

SIR,—With reference to your note to Professor Murray's letter, some of your readers who share your hope that there may be no "cleavage" between him and yourself on this matter would be grateful if you would explain exactly how the "principles of the Protocol" would increase the risk of our having "to fight to defend the present frontiers of Poland" beyond that to which we are already pledged under the Covenant.

If any State attacks Poland to secure any alteration of frontiers (without waiting three months after a decision or report by the Council of the League) we are pledged under Article 16 to join in subjecting it immediately to all the "sanctions" of boycott, blockade, &c., which are sure to lead to reprisals. In that case all the other members of the League are pledged "to support any one of their number in resisting any special measures aimed against it by the Covenant-breaking State."

If this is carried out "loyally and effectively," what is it but the joint coercion of any disturber of the Peace? And surely the present illogical permission of private war after the three months' interval does nothing to reduce the risk. On the contrary, the existence of this "loophole" might easily lead to a tense situation like that of July, 1914, which resulted in a world war.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough.

September 17th, 1927.

[Mr. Rowntree has answered his own question fairly fully. The "sanctions" of the Covenant apply only against a State which resorts to war suddenly, without allowing time for the Council to mediate and try to compose the dispute. Even so, the obligatory sanctions are limited to blockade and boycott. It might be, as Mr. Rowntree suggests, that blockade and boycott would in practice lead us on to military measures. None the less, the difference between this possibility on the one hand and a definite prescription of military measures on the other seems to us of some importance. But we regard the first point as far more important. There is surely a world of difference between undertaking to support (by whatever means) a State which is the victim of a sudden attack by another State which, in defiance of the Covenant, will not even allow time for conciliatory influences to be brought to bear; and undertaking to support by force of arms that party to a dispute which has the letter of the 1919 Peace Treaties on its side, even though we and everyone else may have been vainly trying to persuade it to make concessions. There is this very material difference; that British sympathies might easily be with the technical aggressor under the Protocol, while they could hardly be with the aggressor under the Covenant.

All this is not a matter of fine debating points, but of the realities of the problem. Why is Poland so anxious for the Protocol? As the means of getting a British guarantee of her existing frontiers against both Germany and Russia—

the Corridor, Silesia, Galicia, and the rest. Why is France so anxious for the Protocol? Also as a means of getting our guarantee for Poland. And in both cases, let there be no mistake about it, the object is not merely to safeguard against the contingency of actual war, but to contrive that the Polish frontiers cannot be called in question at all—to give them the sort of permanent sanctity that attaches, under Locarno, to Alsace-Lorraine. Let Mr. Rowntree and other Protocolists mark the recent words of M. Millerand, formerly President of France, quoted by Mr. Spender in the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE:—

"The Locarno agreements would not incur criticism if they guaranteed the neighbours of Germany against all aggression on her Eastern as well as on her Western frontiers. What vitiated them in their foundations was that France welcomed them as a means of consolidating the new Europe, while Germany saw in them a means of upsetting it. The integrity of Poland within the limits prescribed by the Treaty of Versailles was as essential to the maintenance of peace by France as was respect for the clauses concerning Alsace and Lorraine. Germany could not lay hands on the Danzig corridor or on Polish Silesia without setting the world on fire. So long as that possibility was not relegated to the region of dreams, they must resign themselves to the necessity of remaining strong in order to remain respected."

The Danzig corridor and the partition of Silesia essential conditions of the maintenance of peace by France! That is the spirit which declares that Locarno is not enough, and demands the Protocol, and which is acclaimed accordingly by our own Protocolists as a model of constructive pacifism, and a reproach to British obscurantism.—ED., NATION.]

SLAVERY IN SIERRA LEONE

SIR,—THE NATION has only just reached me here in Geneva, during the sitting of the Commission on Slavery, and I have read with a good deal of uneasiness your comment upon Slavery in Sierra Leone. In this you say:—

"It is certain that unless the Home Government takes the bold course and buys the freedom of the existing slaves, it will be faced with a storm of indignation in the country and in Parliament. Unless something decisive is done quickly the storm will burst when the House of Commons reassembles."

It may be safely assumed that Sir John Simon did not embark upon this subject without fully weighing all the consequences, one of which he doubtless recognized would be that of seizing the first opportunity when Parliament reassembles to initiate a debate. I would not for one moment anticipate what Sir John Simon will say, but I should very much doubt whether he will support the suggestion that the Government should buy out the slaves. If we take the number of slaves in Sierra Leone at only 200,000, the sum involved would be round about £1,000,000, but if there is one thing certain, it is that the moment there is any suggestion in a responsible quarter of finding money for the emancipation of the slaves, the number would be inflated. Secondly, there is the problem of Liberia, where the number of slaves is quite unknown, but must be very large indeed, numbers of whom would probably be used in order to raise the total sum required to compensate the slave owners in Sierra Leone.

We have always stood by the Governors of Sierra Leone in their flat refusal to have nothing whatever to do with compensation, and nothing has emerged which makes us more favourable to the idea.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HARRIS.

Geneva.

September 14th, 1927.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

SIR,—A letter in your issue of September 10th, signed M. R., accuses the writer of the article "An American Tragedy," in an earlier issue, of "certain glaring inaccuracies," and "at least one deliberate misstatement." As an American and a lawyer thoroughly familiar with the history of the case, I should like to say that I was unable to find either inaccuracy or misstatement in the article, and that M. R. is himself in error on several points.

"At no time," writes M. R., "has anyone ever charged Judge Thayer with unfairness in his charge to the jury, and

even the most rabid of the defence committee have had to acknowledge its fairness even as every court or individual judge who has passed on the case has stated." This is inaccurate. Judge Thayer was charged with unfairness in his charge to the jury on a number of counts, perhaps the most serious and most prejudicial to the defendants being his misinterpretation of the testimony of the expert witness Proctor in regard to the bullet which killed Berardelli. He was charged with a further gross unfairness in refusing the motion for a new trial based on an affidavit by this same witness repudiating this interpretation and the consequent weight given to his testimony against the defendants. It is also inaccurate to say that any court has passed on the fairness of Judge Thayer's charge, or in any general way on the fairness of his conduct of the case. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts passed on technical claims of error and found there were none. Even the Advisory Committee which reported against Sacco and Vanzetti strove to make clear in its report to the Governor that the Supreme Court had not committed itself beyond this, stating it had found merely that Judge Thayer's acts were within the discretion vested in him by virtue of his office, but not that that discretion had been rightly used. Individual judges of the Supreme Court of the U.S., appealed to as a last resort in the last desperate days refused to interfere on the ground that they had no jurisdiction. Future generations will, perhaps, take a different view of a system which so respected technicalities and could provide no remedy for injustice even in a matter of life and death, but even now it is still inaccurate to say that any judge or court except Judge Thayer passed on the fairness of the verdict. The fact that he could legally do so may also one day be universally felt to be as monstrous as some of us now feel it to be.

It is true, as M. R. says, that Judge Thayer made a belated appeal in his charge to the jury to disregard the racial and class prejudices which he had improperly allowed to be introduced at an earlier stage of the proceedings, but it was then too late to overcome their effect. It is indeed significant, though hardly in the sense that M. R. believes, that he needed to tell the jurors who believed and still believe Sacco and Vanzetti to be guilty, that the latter "were entitled to the same consideration as if their ancestors had come over on the 'Mayflower.'" To see that they received such consideration was another matter. As Professor Felix Frankfurter has well said in his admirable "Case of Sacco and Vanzetti": "Every experienced lawyer knows it is idle to ask jurors to dismiss from their memory what has been deposited in their feelings."—Yours, &c.,

MARTHA GRUENING.

American Express Co., Paris.

September 15th, 1927.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

SIR,—It has been well said that "at Geneva it has already become natural to arrange in a friendly way disputes that fifteen years ago would have made the guns go off. But that local perfection is far in advance of the state of feeling in most parts of the world. The prestige of the League of Nations can be, and must be, built up."

It is not, however, widely enough recognized that public opinion is the only effective means of building up the League of Nations, and this, very naturally, is especially the case in distant parts of the Empire.

The obvious and most valuable method is through the Press; but there are other means of publicity, such as those exercised by schools, clubs, and societies—national and international. Most of these are willing enough, after the suggestion has been put to them, to lend a hand in this great effort towards peace and co-operation, but lacking—often unavoidably—the necessary initial ideas and organization.

In making any effort in distant lands to spread the League idea, one is certain of welcome and support from national societies of such international organizations as the Y.M.C.A., the International Council of Women, the Student Christian Movement, and many others.

In spite of this, the fact remains that in many of these far-off parts of the Empire—or, for that matter, of the whole

world—active public support for the League makes slow progress.

No blame, however, for this lack of progress could be attributed justly to any international headquarters, to national societies, or to the inhabitants of these countries.

Moreover, no single international body can make itself responsible for spreading the League idea even throughout the Empire; at the same time there should not be contentment with things as they are.

Reviewing these facts, it would seem that one great need of the moment is more organization and better co-operation between the many channels that exist for initiating League information. For these reasons, I should like to suggest that a valuable conference might be held for representatives of various international societies, at which definite and practical plans might be evolved for active work and co-operation for advancing the League movement.

I should propose that the conference should be held in London early in the New Year, and that it should be organized by the League of Nations Union, or, failing that, one of the many peace societies.

There is little need for delay; there are ample facilities for obtaining facts and news about the League; there is a good deal of latent and active interest, and a fair supply of willing helpers; the great need is a definite plan of campaign, and closer co-ordination.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. R.

September 3rd, 1927.

WAS LONGFELLOW A POET?

SIR,—I am not sure whether all my critics are serious in their indignation at my saying that Longfellow never wrote a line of poetry. But assuming that they are, why do not they disprove my statement by quoting a line of Longfellow which obviously is poetry? Mr. Carr never ventures on any quotation nearer Longfellow than an epitaph on him by the late Sir William Watson. Mr. Hancock quotes a dozen lines, all of which ninety-nine people out of a hundred would, I believe, say are doggerel. When the defender of Longfellow has to maintain that the hideous line,

"Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,"

is poetry, he must be pretty hard put to it. It is to be noted that, had I made the same statement about Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, or Swinburne, none of whom are now fashionable, but all of whom were poets, I could have been silenced instantly by quotation.—Yours, &c.,

LEONARD WOOLF.

September 17th, 1927.

SIR,—I give a single line I have wanted to quote ever since Mr. Woolf assured us that Longfellow was only a "fake." Evangeline walked homeward after Sunday morning worship, and

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Let it be granted that Longfellow was dearest to us for the delicate human sympathy of his songs, but for that very reason we cannot see him lightly denied his due place in the poetic brotherhood, and the line quoted is pure poetry. At least one line, Mr. Woolf!—Yours, &c.,

WALTER WALSH.

"Northam," Athenæum Road,
Whetstone, N.20.

September 20th, 1927.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

SIR,—Our literature has a longer history than most of us believe. The average person thinks that Washington Irving was the first American to write a book. Then you say: "What about 'Poor Richard' and Franklin's Autobiography?" They reply:—

"Oh, yes, we had forgotten that!"

Then you say:—

"But haven't we forgotten Jonathan Edwards and John Woolman?"

But their eyes are so ignorant of any gleam of intelligence that you let the matter drop.

Yet our literature begins even with the "Mayflower." For in this ship many diarists came over. Among the number was William Bradford, one of the early Governors. We are told that on shipboard everyone keeps a diary. Personally we do think this is the case. Yet being in an early colony was almost as confined as being on shipboard. You were confined within a narrow radius for fear of the Indians, and if it were not the Redskins that bothered you, then it was the impenetrable forest that kept you at home. And since there was little to do and nothing to relate, all industriously kept diaries.

Captain Miles Standish had been through many experiences, but he was as afraid of a pen as a cat is of water. It seems to be the irony of fate that the least original are always the most voluminous writers.

The honour of being the first writer of English on this continent is generally given to George Sandys. The son of an Archbishop of York, he was born in 1578. He was educated at Oxford, and after graduation began to travel in various parts of the world. He published an account of many of his journeys, and they are distinguished by their fine style, keen observation, and truthfulness. Shortly after Virginia was founded he came across the sea to the Colony.

Sandys was allotted a small tract of land, and after building himself a rude cabin with a chimney of smooth round stones from a near-by brook, he began to plough the fields against the planting of tobacco. Every night after a supper of, perhaps, pork and beans, and a hunk of lumpy cornbread, he placed on the deal table before him a dog's-eared copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and began to translate. It was a labour of love, and kept him busy until after the hour of midnight. It is a pleasing thought to imagine the man amidst conditions most primitive with the intractable wilderness just at his elbow, translating one of the most polished and finished of the ancients! What would Ovid have thought if he could have espied the rude hut from one of the aeries on Mount Olympus? Perhaps have called chum Virgil and pointed out the scene to him!

Mrs. Anna Bradstreet was without doubt the first woman writer on this continent. She lived in the vicinity of Boston, but further details of her life are lacking. We do know that she died in 1672. Her most important work is a book of original poems entitled "Contemplations." These are of a religious vein, and deal largely with man's relationship to God. The poems are above mediocrity, containing as they do fresh ideas not inadequately expressed. It is now difficult to obtain a copy of her works, even at a large library, yet she will repay the trouble of finding.

We pass over John Eliot, born in 1604 and died in 1690, who translated the Bible into the Indian language, which was the first Bible printed in the New England Colonies. We also just mention in passing John Newman, who, before his death in 1663, made a "Concordance of the Scriptures," by the light of burning pine cones in one of the frontier settlements of Massachusetts.

The last name we shall touch upon is Increase Matter. He was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1639, and received his education at Harvard and Dublin Universities. In 1664 he was ordained as the pastor of the North Church in Boston. He brought lustre to this pulpit till his death in 1723. His disposition was energetic and thorough; and he possessed considerable influence in the Colony. His first important work appeared in 1667, being a "History of the Indians." The author, of course, nurses an honest prejudice against the aborigines, yet the book is tolerably accurate and the style bluff and vigorous. His "Causes of Conscience Concerning Witchcraft" came off the Colonial Press in 1693. He takes an unusually enlightened attitude for the age, and does his best to refute spectral evidence.

So when we consider Sandys in Virginia, and Bradstreet and Matter in New England, we realize that before 1700 dawned, American Literature had been well started.—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL CLEMENS.

WHO WON WATERLOO ?

By RAYMOND W. POSTGATE.

IT is widely believed that the methods of historical investigation have immensely improved during the last century, that the sources of information have greatly increased, and that innumerable errors have been exploded by the impartial truthseeking activities of modern scientific writers. Nor is this entirely untrue: but what is not stated or realized is that distortion by party or nationalist prejudice has not diminished but possibly even increased—and this is so much the more unforgivable because the possibilities of arriving at truth are greater. The passionate and prejudiced chroniclers of previous centuries made few claims and require no forgiveness: it is a different matter when the pompousness and solemnity of a modern don conceal the mentality of a DAILY MAIL leader-writer.

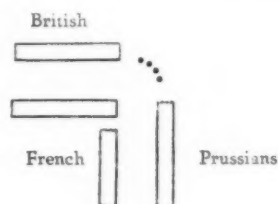
Take the case of Waterloo. Here is an event which has been a subject of study for over a hundred years. The material for a verdict is ample, and has for many years been accessible to everybody. The battle is sufficiently far away in time for all personalities to be forgotten, and for the true historical perspective to be clear. Yet there are three wholly irreconcilable stories currently told (especially in schoolbooks), and the confusion is such that it is genuinely impossible to-day to answer plainly the question, "Who won the battle of Waterloo?"

The French legend (for, since all three tales cannot be true, let us for the moment assume them all to be legends) is naturally the one that has least vitality. Not even French military historians claim that the French won Waterloo, though they have gone as near to that as they could. One of the legacies of the Revolution, moreover, has been a greater freedom of thought and investigation in France than in Britain or Germany; and as a result the myth of Waterloo has been more severely examined.

The French story is simple enough, but to understand it, it is necessary to recall the configuration of Waterloo. Wellington had chosen as the position to be defended a long, low hill or down, up the middle of which ran the main Brussels road. On the crest of this hill, and behind it, he placed the main body of his troops. The British front was strengthened by the occupation of three groups of buildings down in the valley: on its far left Papelotte, in the centre, on the road, the farm La Haye, and on the right the strong farm of Hougomont. It was against this line that Napoleon, from the rising ground opposite, launched his terrific attacks.

The attack began—says the French account—by a feint towards Hougomont, which, owing to the impetuosity of the French troops was turned into a serious and unnecessary battle. It was followed on by the first great attack by Ney, on the left between Papelotte and La Haye. But, about this time, the Prussians began to appear upon the French right. (The relative times of the great French attacks on Wellington and the attack of the Prussians are a matter of dispute. The French, naturally, put the arrival of the Prussians as early as possible.) Before long the French had to fight another whole army, so that their front, from a straight line, became a dangerous right angle

—SO :—



Nevertheless (according to the French story) the battle was carried on with a steadily growing advantage to the French. The first big attack, in which D'Erlon's troops were used, failed indeed, but the return attack by the British was utterly cut to pieces, and the British line severely shaken. During practically the whole of the day the French Army inflicted continuous checks upon two armies double its size. This, one is permitted to understand, was due to the great superiority of the Frenchman as a soldier, although the more broadminded patriotic writers will admit that the inferior fighting quality of the English was often compensated by their extreme stupidity, which made them slow to understand their danger.

The second attack of the French drove the English out of La Haye to make the way clear for the three tremendous and famous cavalry charges led by Ney. These charges, almost, but not quite, reduced the British Army to a howling mass of refugees. The French can point to very respectable sources of information to prove this, and to the known fact that the road in Wellington's rear was a choked mass of wounded, pretending wounded, and plain deserters. "I fear all is over," said Artillery-Colonel Gould. Alten's aide-de-camp admits that "the issue of the battle was more than doubtful—we were in peril." Colonel Kennedy, frequently cited as "the best-informed eye-witness," asserts that only a few fresh infantry men from the Imperial Guard at this point would have sufficed to smash the British centre and end the battle. (This, indeed, is very probable.)

Unfortunately, these were not sent, and enough British squares remained unbroken for a final attack to be necessary. The reason for the omission was that the Prussian attack, of at least thirty thousand men against Lobau's ten thousand, had at last shaken the French, and a portion of the Guard had had to be detached to deal with them. They drove the Prussians reeling in defeat out of the village of Planchenoit into shelter where they attempted to reform.

The final blow was to be delivered by the Imperial Guard attacking Wellington. Before it could be delivered a French captain, a traitor, galloped across the valley and gave warning to Wellington. (This does appear to be true, though it reads like legend.) Nevertheless, the onset of the Guard was such that it pierced the British line right to the last rank. It was seconded by an advance of the whole French line which swarmed victoriously over the hill. But just in the moment of victory treachery destroyed the morale of the troops. Someone set up the cry, "We are betrayed," a general *sauve-qui-peut* followed, and, caught between two fires, the French became disorganized.

Obviously, here is a weak story which it was easy to upset. Armies are not defeated by black magic. The cry of "treachery" is sufficiently explained by the fact that the French troops taking part in the attack had been deliberately told that the Prussians advancing on the right were Grouchy's separate detachment, which should have prevented Blücher's arrival. In fact, the French troops had been called upon to do too much; they had had to face two armies instead of one during a great portion at least of the day, and, by a singular mistake, the great cavalry charges had been launched against infantry squares which had not been sufficiently shaken previously by artillery and infantry attacks. There is no mystery here, and the treachery of the unknown captain, if it had any effect, had not enough to explain the defeat.

The British story is better known: you would, indeed, find few people here who would not be surprised if you questioned the phrase "a British victory." It is, briefly, that the British troops sustained the attack of a vastly

superior army all day, defeated it, and broke it by a counter-attack, and the Prussians, arriving at the very end, were entrusted with the task of chasing the fugitives. "Hardly had the English advanced for their fatal charge," wrote Lockhart blandly, "when Blücher's columns, emerging from the woods, were at length seen forming on the right of the French and preparing to take part in the battle." "Preparing to take part," was a little crude, but a long study of Waterloo by Hooper, which is still reprinted as a classic, after a great parade of impartial investigation of the share taken by the Prussians, concludes, "a common notion is that the Prussians saved Wellington from some false position," but that in fact all they did was to "reduce the French force actually engaged with Wellington by some fifteen thousand men. . . . They filled the mind of Napoleon with disquiet (but) Wellington heard nothing of them till six." Wellington, he says, dealt the "decisive stroke."

Dr. Holland Rose, quite recently, took up the same task of depreciating the importance of the Prussian assistance. He charges them with criminal slowness, and repeats that Wellington's advance secured the victory; Vivian and Vandeleur's brigades, he suggests, in the last charge caught in the rear the French who were fighting the Prussians, thereby actually coming to the aid of Blücher.

The stories of the demoralization in the English ranks are either countered by other testimony, written, of course, after the event, to the immovable steadfastness of the infantry, or else are ascribed to the rout of the Dutch-Belgian troops in Wellington's army, whom all writers unite in abusing. The attack of the Imperial Guard (will it be believed that even to-day it is quite impossible to say whether this famous attack was delivered in four or two columns?), taken as being in two columns, is thus described: the first column met with unshaken resistance, but, while the issue was still in doubt, Wellington called to his Guards, whom he had in hiding, in the famous words, "Up, Guards, and make ready" (sometimes polished up into "Up, Guards, and at 'em"), and this sudden unexpected attack drove the French back. The second column similarly made a frontal attack. The next detachment to the one attacked was the 52nd, and its commander, Colborne, with reckless daring made his regiment leave the line and wheel, as on a parade ground, using its extreme left as it were as a pivot. The advancing French were thus caught in front and flank at once: they broke and retreated, and at the sight of their retreat the morale of the much-tried Frenchmen was shattered.

The beginning of the most severe part of the battle was, admittedly, the capture of La Haye by Ney before the cavalry charges. In order to enhance the glory of the British, this is timed as early as possible. Napoleon having put it as early as three, Wellington recklessly said two o'clock. However, there seems little doubt that La Haye was held at least until six o'clock. Major Baring, who commanded its gallant garrison, at once insisted on "not till six," and was confirmed by Sir J. S. Kennedy, watching the struggle from the centre.

But the most convincing way of exposing the doubts and perplexities caused by the British story is to set beside it the equally authenticated German story. The Kaiser, in 1903, put it quite simply: "Blücher and the Prussians rescued the British Army from destruction at Waterloo."

The Prussians were anxious and fully ready to deal with Napoleon, two hours (9.30) before the first shot was fired. Their only anxiety was that Wellington would not stand his ground: Gneisenau, Blücher's Chief of Staff, pri-

vately thought it highly probable that he would back away again as soon as Napoleon struck seriously at him. They brought up Bulow (the most distant corps) and held immobile Pirch I. and Ziethen, ready to attack, which they did, immediately after midday, when the noise of d'Erlon's attack showed that Wellington's army had plucked up courage enough to stand a serious onslaught.

The battle now began. Bulow led the attack upon Planchenoit with thirty thousand men, supported by Pirch I. and (on the extreme Prussian right) by Ziethen. Admittedly, the resistance of Lobau's Frenchmen was heroic, but it was eventually overcome, and the village taken. A fierce counter attack by the French followed—the "charge of the Imperial Guard" is for the Germans that tremendous rush of the Young Guard which thrust Bulow back towards the woods again. The Prussians resumed the attack, but this time their heaviest blow was struck by their left, under Ziethen, and by artillery. The French defenders of Papelotte were unable to stand the hail of shells, and broke and ran. It was Ziethen's guns which won the battle of Waterloo. As for Colborne and his 52nd, the German authorities smile politely. The British, saved by the Prussian advance, were able to hang on by the skin of their teeth, and were not unnaturally inclined to exaggerate enormously the importance of the demonstrations Napoleon was able to make against them.

Perceiving the French Army broken, Wellington, with pathetic *braggadocio*, gave a melodramatic signal (by waving his hat) for a British advance. Both Yorck von Wartenburg and Ollech regard this advance as a mere matter of form: the distinguished historian Müffling puts it more unpleasantly: "Wellington only sent his troops against the French in order to appear as if he were winning the victory."

Both stories, let it be repeated, are supported by serious and respectable evidence. One is up against a dead end.

True, a distinguished French historian has made an attempt to compose the quarrel which may be roughly paraphrased as follows: "Let us say that *both* won the battle of Waterloo. An equal importance must be attached all the time to the battles on both Blücher's and Wellington's front. Both Colborne's and Ziethen's attack were decisive and they happened to occur at precisely the same moment. So the victory was won independently and honourably by both the English and Prussians at the same minute." Well, this is a good nurse's way of settling the quarrel; and it might be ratified by giving a peppermint cream to every professor. But as a serious solution it does not command complete confidence.

There is still the theory put forward by the always eccentric Mr. Belloc. He takes the British estimate of the high importance of the attack of the Imperial Guard. He declares it attacked in four columns, of which the second shook but did not shatter the line, the third and fourth were stopped by Colborne's 52nd and the Guards respectively. But the real danger, and the shattering attack, he says, came from the *first* column. This "broke the line," took two batteries and broke up the 30th and 73rd. The British were as good as beaten, but for a happy chance. Wellington had previously stationed three thousand Belgians to meet an imaginary attack on his right. These had been recalled, and now met the Imperial Guard, defeated it, sent it flying, and started the rout.

Consequently, the Belgians won Waterloo. Here at least is a solution that will grind no axe, and that everyone will dislike. It may therefore be true.

THE DRAMA

St. Martin's Theatre: "The Silver Cord." By SIDNEY HOWARD.

"THE SILVER CORD," produced last week at the St. Martin's Theatre, is a play about a mother's overbearing and selfish love for her sons, and the means by which she attempts to keep them for herself, to the exclusion of all other women. The two sons and their women, the wife of one and the fiancée of the other, are admirably drawn characters, both men under the influence of the mother, both women antagonistic to her with a clarity of vision and insight withheld from the men by their sense of filial piety, the younger son plastic and completely dominated, the elder stronger of will and torn between his instinctive loyalty to his mother—"After all, a man's mother is his mother"—and his natural affection for his wife. The final subjugation of the younger son and the deliverance of the elder entirely satisfy one's intellect and emotions, and in this respect the play leaves nothing to be desired.

But there is something lacking. The author, Mr. Sidney Howard, has over-elaborated the character of the mother, and has, until the last act, fought shy of making her the single-minded, earnest, unscrupulous woman the theme demands, and whom Strindberg created in "The Father." Instead, he has made her a vain, hypochondriacal, shilly-shallying woman, saying such things as "Science is hardly a profession—more of a hobby," and "The Chinese would be the greatest nation in the world, if only they would give up that opium," amusing in themselves, but utterly incompatible with her clear-thinking and sincere *apologia pro vita sua* in the last act, which nearly, but not quite, makes one think that her point of view is somehow the right one after all, and which ought to, but does not, restore the balance between the parties in conflict. Were not the author also the producer one might to some extent blame Miss Lilian Braithwaite for this inconsistency, but I feel sure that she plays the mother in the only possible way, accepting the fact that she is in the last act a completely different person from the mother in the rest of the play. She certainly does over-emphasize the "feminine mind" element, but in doing so she gives the impression that she is acting in a manner from which the disastrous limitations of the part leave her no alternative.

By far the most interesting performance is that of Miss Clare Eames as the wife of the elder son. Apart from one lapse into sentimentality for which I am at a loss to account, but which will be obvious to anyone who sees the play, she gives a perfect study of a highly intelligent modern girl, appearing hard and unwomanly to the unperceptive, but *au fond* a woman with an adamant and honest yearning for justice and a rigid determination to express unflinchingly her ideals, when to keep silent would be cowardice and to utter them may mean the loss of the man she loves. I have seldom seen an actress so capable of expressing spiritual beauty and with such masterly control over voice, gesture, and emotion. Miss Eames has come over from America to play her part, and it is indeed difficult to think of an English actress who could have played it so well. The elder son is acted with distinction by Mr. Brian Aherne, whose work has improved enormously in a very short time. Miss Marjorie Mars, as the younger son's fiancée, is rather amateurish until her hysterical scene in the second act, which she does excellently. Perhaps it is easier to be hysterical than to be "natural" on the stage, but if the former is only a trick, it is one that is not in every young actress's repertoire. Mr. Denys Blakelock touches in the younger son adroitly, though he leaves one in doubt at the end as to what his future attitude towards his mother will be. The lines given him seem to indicate that he is beaten, and will bear the maternal yoke for the rest of his life, but Mr. Blakelock's delivery of them does not quite tally with this implication.

The production is of a quality one would expect from a man with the marked sense of the theatre which Mr. Howard undoubtedly possesses, but there are surprising moments of bathos which set the audience laughing when it ought to be deadly serious. It is difficult to say whether this is more the fault of Mr. Howard the producer than of

Mr. Howard the author, but almost every instance is a direct or indirect result of the loose drawing of the mother, and it is only this looseness which makes "The Silver Cord" less than a fine play.

W. MATTHEW NORGATE.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

MADAME PAVLOVA and her company have returned, after a long absence, to London, and are giving a short season at Covent Garden. It is impossible to see Mme. Pavlova without admiring her for her beauty, her elegance, her exquisite movements, and her excellent dancing technique, and without at the same time regretting that such first-rate qualities should be wasted on such third-rate material as, for instance, "Don Quixote," which she gave on her first night. "Don Quixote" is a long ballet in three acts which has very little to do with Don Quixote, but is realistically built up on an elaborate and picturesque story. The whole production is singularly lacking in imagination; the choreography is jumbled and uninspired; the décor pretentiously romantic and displeasing in colour; the music, by Minkus, lifeless. Only when Mme. Pavlova herself floats on to the stage does it become at all interesting. "Don Quixote" was followed by a series of short "divertissements," which were much more cheerful. Mme. Pavlova danced a "Rondino" by Beethoven and led the "Pas Hongrois Classique" (the music by Glazounoff), supported by members of her *corps de ballet*. Other members of the company showed talent in solo dances, notably Mlle. Butsova in Strauss's "Voices of Spring," and one of the male dancers who did a "Gopak."

The only possible disadvantage likely to arise from the temporary migration of the Old Vic Company to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is that the small playhouse may not be big enough to hold an Old Vic public. During a few hours of sunshine last Saturday afternoon those courteous persons who manage the box office at the Lyric seemed to be wasting their time telling telephone correspondents that they had not a hope of seeing the evening performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." "Stick to Shakespeare," as one of our most eminent kings is reported to have said, "there is always money in him." And this is undoubtedly so, even with one of his least agreeable plays. It should be recorded, however, that Miss Sybil Thorndike is on the top of her splendid form. As Petruchio, Mr. Lewis Casson reveals powers which one could not have suspected were possessed by that most reticent actor. And if the play becomes a little tedious at moments, it is generally forgotten that it was written to amuse one Christopher Sly—who, if Mr. Hay Petrie interpreted him aright, enjoyed every minute of it except those occupied by necessary changes of scene.

The productions of Playroom Six are always marked by sincerity. They are given to their tiny audience without fuss or affectation. It therefore ill becomes a critic to make complaint, even though that complaint is scarcely of the size of the theatre. But here it is. Last time I went to Playroom Six it was to see a revival of Harda Chapin's "Art and Opportunity." This time it was to a revival of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf." Now these are two admirable plays, worth seeing again at any time, but I do wish the management would more speedily break new ground. They have at their command so much good talent in the way of acting that one feels it should be more constantly placed at the service of young dramatists. It is however encouraging to note that their next production is of a new play, "The Manderson Girls," by Bertha N. Graham. This leaves me very little space to say that "Little Eyolf" was given a most intelligent production (under the direction of Mr. Ralph Neale), and was well acted, especially, I thought, by Miss Hilda Maude and Mr. Barry K. Barns.

Films to commemorate all sorts of war service are the vogue. The Navy has a fine one all to itself in "The

Battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands," which is now showing at the New Gallery. A war film can be a dramatic play with the war as a background or it can be merely an instructional film. "The Battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands" is of the latter variety, but because the vengeance taken by Sturdee for the annihilation of Cradock is a story dramatically complete in itself, the producer of the film apparently felt justified in departing from the merely instructional and in introducing such comic diversions as the foolery of a local defence force in the Falklands. I think that is a pity. The film would have been better if it had been more instructional—if it had shown, for example, a diagram of the battles giving the armament and speed of the ships involved. And if the producer wanted to heighten the dramatic, why did he not show the actual race of the battle cruisers to the Falklands, steaming against time? But the British public will want to see this film because it is fair to the Germans and because the battles were the most dramatic episode in the naval war. In spite of the deplorable make-up of those playing Lord Fisher and Mr. Winston Churchill, the film is convincingly acted. Apparently the naval critics are satisfied—probably because naval war is made to appear glorious and sporting. That is really the misfortune of this film. No war is glorious and sporting. It is strange that only the Americans have produced a dramatic war film that is anti-war.

* * *

The "Pandemonium" Group, which is holding an exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, consists of pupils of the Heatherly School of Art. The name is hardly appropriate, except in so far as it suggests the absence of art, for there is nothing sensational about these mild attempts to be shocking and "advanced." Some of the exhibits do not attempt even this Miss Kath Garnham, for instance, shows water-colour landscapes of a rather immature technique which might have come from the brush of many a lady amateur of the last fifty years or so. Mr. Nicolas Bentley has a certain talent for caricature and for the decorative type of drawing which would be effective in posters: Mr. G. Pollard also paints in a flat decorative style, but his sense of design and of colour are poor: Mr. Angus Grant vacillates between a dozen different styles in as many pictures. Mr. Victor Reinganum's painting has more vitality than the rest, but he is too obviously out to be startling and the slick skill of his drawing is unpleasant. The black-and-white illustrations of "Yunge" are of the kind generally known as "morbid" or "decadent," deriving from Beardsley they have neither his draughtsmanship nor his imagination, and only succeed in being as dull as they are pretentious.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, September 24th.—

Mark Hambourg, Pianoforte Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.
London String Quartet, Æolian Hall, 8.15.
Myra Hess, Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Sunday, September 25th.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "Religious Liberty," South Place, 11.

Monday, September 26th.—

Norwich Players in "The Taming of the Shrew,"
Maddermarket Theatre, 8.
The Lena Ashwell Players, at the Century Theatre, in
"Mary Goes First," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

Tuesday, September 27.—

"The Field God," by Paul Green, at the Gate Theatre
Studio, 16a, Villiers Street.

Wednesday, September 28th.—

Gordon Bryan, Chamber Concert, Æolian Hall, 8.30.

Thursday, September 29th.—

Lucie Caffaret, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"The Lady-in-Law" (an adaptation from the French),
at Wyndham's.

Friday, September 30th.—

Snow String Quartet, Chamber Concert, Wigmore Hall,
8.15.

OMICRON.

AT CHRISTIE'S

(The Holford Sale).

WHITE upon blue, the Infant Saviour stands;
The flowers enwreath him; proudly, like a sign,
His mother holds him. Round His chubby hands
Christie's have tied the label 59.

DOUGLAS DAVIDSON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH.

(Gerrard 3029.)

Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

Winifred Shotter, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

MARIE TEMPEST in

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN."

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER.

APOLLO.

Gerrard 6970.

ROBERT LORAIN in "BARBARA'S WEDDING," by J. M. BARRIE.

And "THE FATHER," by STRINDBERG.

EVERY EVENING, 8.20. MATS., THURS. and SAT., 2.30.

COURT (Sloan 5137.)

EVERY EVENING at 8.30.

"FRESH FRUIT."

A Farcical Comedy.

Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 2.30

HELEN HAYE.

MORTON SELTEN.

DRURY LANE.

EVGS., 8.15.

MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

FORTUNE THEATRE.

Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL."

By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS.

RONALD SQUIRE.

GARRICK. (Gerr. 9513.)

NIGHTLY, 8.30.

Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN."

HELEN MENKEN.

GODFREY TEARLE.

KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith.

Riverside 3012.

NIGHTLY at 8.

Matinees, Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30.

The OLD VIC COMPANY with SYBIL THORNDIKE in

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

SHAFTESBURY. Gerr. 6666.

Evgs., 8.30.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE TWO JOURNALISTS

"**L**IFE, JOURNALISM, AND POLITICS," by J. A. Spender (Cassell, two guineas), and "Lord Northcliffe, A Study," by R. Macnair Wilson (Benn, 15s.), are two books which by a happy coincidence have been published in the same week. In almost every particular they provide an illuminating contrast. The first is the autobiography of a journalist who was, perhaps, the most distinguished of London editors since Delane; the second is a biographical study of a man who began life on the lowest rungs of the ladder of journalism and who did more than anyone else to drive out of existence that type of newspaper to which Mr. Spender has devoted the whole of his life. Mr. Spender's book is the model of what a two-volume autobiography, published in the author's lifetime should be; I never remember to have read one better written or which combined more skilfully, frankness and discretion, seriousness and amusement, good nature and truth. Mr. Wilson's book is the model of what a biography should not be; it is so silly and so sentimental that it gives one absolutely no idea of what Northcliffe was like. It is written in the tone of solemn or highpitched hysteria which writers like Mr. Wilson appear to consider impressive, and it has about as much connection with reality and Northcliffe as "Sandford and Merton" or Dr. Watts's hymns. When Mr. Wilson can think of nothing else—which is usually the case with him—he falls back on the most ancient clichés of sentimentality about "messages" and "challenges" and public spirit and courage, until a reader with a weak digestion for this type of syrup begins to feel symptoms of physical nausea. I will give only one, because a rather amusing, example. On page 58 Mr. Wilson tells us that "the real Harmsworth was a man with a message." A few pages later he has to tell us of the founding of COMIC CUTS and FORGET-ME-NOT, and feels that he has to find for us the "message" in these popular and lucrative journals. He is quite equal to the emergency, and remarks "even COMIC CUTS and FORGET-ME-NOT spoke their challenges to the existing order." But, when again a few pages later he has to tell us how Northcliffe made a fortune out of the puzzle called "Pigs in Clover," even Mr. Wilson's sense of unreality fails him; he is unable to tell us what was the "message" or "challenge" in "Pigs in Clover."

Northcliffe several times crosses Mr. Spender's path in his autobiography, and always one gets the feeling of struggle and antagonism. Not personal antagonism, for the two men were, except at one period during the war, personal friends. But there is the antagonism of spirit, the struggle between two opposite, and, as time has shown, incompatible, types of journalism. Mr. Spender devotes a chapter of nine pages to his reminiscences of Northcliffe which throw infinitely more light upon his character and "message" than the three hundred of Mr. Wilson's book. Indeed, in two sentences he unveils whatever psychological mystery there may have been in the founder of the DAILY MAIL: "He had an insatiable appetite for power, but never could make up his mind what to do with it when he got it. This made him the most restless and discontented of all the successful men of his time, but it also redeemed him

from the mere commercialism which is the professed creed of other men of his kind." What Northcliffe wanted was power, and in the world of print and newspapers he measured power by circulation. Mr. Spender tells us also that Northcliffe never resented his criticism of features in the DAILY MAIL, "but discussed with a cool impartiality whether they were good journalism or not—a point which he always seemed to decide finally in his own mind by a reference to the circulation books." But once he had got his circulation and his power, he was completely at a loss; he simply did not know what to do with either. All he could do was either to buy another paper or increase the circulation of his old papers, and occasionally reassure himself on the subject of power by a stunt about sweet-peas or shells, or by driving some politician or Government into the wilderness. He was, in fact, a prophet without a message.

* * *

It is a curious fact that the journalism, now dead, of which Mr. Spender was so distinguished a representative, also really aimed at power, but it knew exactly what it wanted to do with it. The WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, as he says, was an "organ of opinion." "It put its leading article on its front page, it made politics its chief concern, and laid itself out to convert and persuade by its writing." To Northcliffe "news," which would appeal to the millions and raise circulation, to Mr. Spender ideas and opinion and policy were the raw material of journalism. And, paradoxical though it may sound to many people, while it lasted, the journalism of Mr. Spender exercised far more power than that of Northcliffe. One does not wonder at Northcliffe's desire to "acquire" the WESTMINSTER, or at Mr. Spender's determination not to be acquired. Perhaps the most interesting thing in these two volumes is the revelation of the persistent and far-reaching power which Mr. Spender and his paper exercised behind the scenes. There are two things to be noted about this journalistic power. The first is the extraordinary high-mindedness and public spirit with which it was used. Mr. Spender, in effect, regarded himself as a servant of the public and eventually came to occupy, in everything but name, the position of a public servant. His paper was an unofficial Public Department for the dissemination of news and the formation of public opinion. He was passionately attached to the WESTMINSTER, but the first thought, even in a case of "news," was not its effect upon the paper and its circulation, but upon the "country" and the "public good." That is the real difference between Mr. Spender's journalism and the Northcliffe journalism which destroyed it. The one was a political and social instrument, the other a commodity for sale. The other thing to be noted is the close connection between this vanished type of journalism and politics and political party. The WESTMINSTER was an organ of Liberal opinion, and, independent though Mr. Spender was, its influence depended largely upon the intimate relations between its editor and the Liberal Party. Indeed, the paper was not only an unofficial Public Department. Mr. Spender, when a Liberal Government was in office, was practically an unofficial Cabinet Minister.

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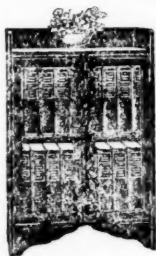
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REVIEWS

PEACOCK

T. L. Peacock. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *English Men of Letters Series.* (Macmillan, 5s.)

THE aim of those responsible for the *English Men of Letters* series has been to produce useful rather than lively or original books: contributors to it must be warned, one imagines, to look neither to right nor to left, and required to avoid all idiosyncracies of thought or expression. A Hume or a Locke make suitable enough subjects for such academic treatment. But the importance of most English men of letters depends little on their ideas; and our professors have not yet developed a technique for the exact criticism of rhythm, imagery, and the other formal qualities which convey emotion. The nearer a literary work approaches to being pure, the more any criticism of it is likely to depend for its value on the critic's personal sensibility. No doubt the poetry of Paul Valéry, the prose of Virginia Woolf, will in the future be—perhaps in America they already are—the subject of University lectures. But when the examination papers come to be marked, the candidates can be judged only by their knowledge of what is most adventitious in the work of these writers. The details of an author's life, the influences he may have undergone and exercised, the elucidation of his obscurities, the explanation of his allusions—all these are possible subjects for examination. But the emotion which it is the artist's only function to arouse is at least as likely to be experienced by a schoolboy reading for pleasure in a punt as by the young lady working for a First in English Literature.

Peacock is a writer all the dearer to his admirers because too much fuss has not been made of him. So it is possible they may not welcome his elevation to Messrs. Macmillan's Academy of the Dead. Our view of the work of a Milton or a Balzac is unimpaired by the presence of indiscreet commentators scrabbling like archæologists at the base of the Pyramids. But Peacock's writings are not of this grand order. The more seriously his critics take him, the less serious a personage he appears. A "character," an eccentric, who wrote satirical comments on human nature for his own amusement, he delights us as a friend, and we resent his being used as a method of obtaining a B.Litt. Mr. Priestley writes of him with sense and moderation. But, on the one hand, the admirers of Peacock cannot admit that he is a suitable subject for a text-book, on the other, the young ladies of Wisconsin may complain with justice of a text-book that contains neither a bibliography nor chronological tables.

Little is known of Peacock's life, and probably there was not much to know. The friend of Shelley and the father-in-law of Meredith, he was born in 1785 and died in 1866. He occupied a comfortable post under the East India Company, and, like many civil servants, preferred good wine, romantic scenery, and the company of pretty women to any intensity of personal experience. He lived in an age when most intelligent persons were finding new and exciting associations in the spectacle of nature and the history of man. These he accepted as an addition to the good things of life, without allowing his habits to be disturbed by them. But he found himself surrounded by men intoxicated with enthusiasm. There was Tom Taylor offering sacrifices to Greek deities at his house at Walworth; there was J. F. Newton who held that "the universal adoption of a diet of roots, fruits, and distilled water would restore the golden age of universal health, purity, and peace; and that this most ancient and sublime morality was mysteriously inculcated in the most ancient Zodiac, which was that of Dendera;" there was Shelley. Enchanting and impossible, Shelley at one moment required Peacock's sympathy in his love-affairs; the next "expressed a wish to be employed politically at the court of a native prince." Peacock pointed out that the climate of India was unhealthy, and saw that Shelley would soon want to leave Mary as he now wanted to leave Harriet. The poet

called him "expensive, inconsiderate, and cold," but made him one of his executors. And Mr. Priestley wittily explains the indignation with Peacock of some of Shelley's admirers: "Peacock did not love humanity and die young. Peacock laughed at humanity, made himself snug, and could be discovered sipping his port and madeira when he was eighty."

In character and intelligence Peacock seems to have resembled Anatole France: conservative, selfish, sceptical, highly susceptible to some forms of beauty, and of acute but limited intelligence. "The garden, the Forest, the table bright with candles; and somewhere a daft, roaring world filled with reformers and canters and ranters; some books, a little music, young people falling in and out of love, the bottle happily circulating while the shining ball of talk is flung across the table—such," says Mr. Priestley, "is Gryll Grange." And such is the general aspect of the world of Peacock's imagination. Fashions in enthusiasm change rapidly; German transcendentalism and phrenology are no longer living questions. But imagine a man to whom the theories of Freud and Spengler, the political systems of Russia and Italy, the ideals of Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc, the styles of Mr. Eliot and Miss Stein, appear equally absurd; a man who swears by the Gold Standard, regardless of its effect upon industry, who resents a considerable part of his earnings being spent on Dreadnoughts and cavalry in the age of mustard-gas, submarines, and aeroplanes, who further is so unreasonable as to object alike to the dictatorship of newspaper-proprietors and of trade-union leaders, and so licentious as to dislike American ladies using their wealth to deprive Englishmen of their beer—and you will see the sort of opinions, wise and unwise, to which Peacock's character would have disposed him had he been born a hundred years later.

Peacock lacked the savagery of the great satirist. He was a crotchety fellow who laughed at other people's crotchets. But neither was he a great novelist. He lacked invention, and his characters resemble the humours of old comedy rather than human beings. He was certainly not a great poet, though he wrote charming and most accomplished lyrics. "Maid Marian" is the least successful of his books, "Crotchet Castle" perhaps the best, though one may prefer "The Misfortunes of Elfin."

"Seithenyn assured King Arthur, in the name of King Melvas, and on the word of a king, backed by that of his butler, which, truth being in wine, is good warranty even for a king, that the queen returned as pure as the day King Melvas had carried her off."

"None here will doubt that," said Gwenvach, the wife of Modred. Gwenvach was not pleased with the compliment, and almost before she had saluted King Arthur, she turned suddenly round, and slapped Gwenvach on the face, with a force that brought more crimson into one cheek than blushing had ever done into both."

This humour is rare in England, and it is clear that Peacock frequented the writings of Voltaire. His style is more French than English. It is a style, *simplex munditiis*, for which the closest English precedent is found in Congreve:—

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME: Is it come to this, that you make a jest of my poverty? Yet my poverty is only comparative. Many decent families are maintained on smaller means."

"LADY CLARINDA: Decent families: aye, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: I hate a little place. I like large rooms and large looking-glasses, and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red in his face; an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable; if not noble; highly respectable."

"The direct influence of Peacock," Mr. Priestley says, "has been almost negligible," and he mentions Mallock's "New Republic." But he says nothing of the living writer who, without imitating Peacock, resembles him so curiously, who has moved Nightmare Abbey and Crotchet Castle to the Bay of Naples, and the Dam of Gwaelod to the Breton coast, the author of "South Wind" and "They Went," the entrancing Mr. Norman Douglas.

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JAPAN AND EUROPE

Japanese Traits and Foreign Influences. By INAZO NITOBÉ, Professor in the Imperial University, Tokyo. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are many ways of discussing racial characteristics, and Professor Nitobé, who is, above all things, a philosopher, has chosen a purely philosophic method. To him, impersonality is the dominant Japanese characteristic. He does not suggest that a Japanese feels ordinary emotions less keenly than a European, or is less impressionable or less ambitious; but he endeavours to show that centuries of social life, which have tended to reduce the importance of the individual and to exalt the importance of the social group to which he belongs, have created in the Japanese a sort of instinct for acting in common, or in obedience to community, rather than individual, interests. Professor Nitobé is probably right. Everybody who has travelled, or known men and women who are not of his own race, must remember when some person of their acquaintance has thought and acted as a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard, or a Russian, rather than as a mere human being. Some mixture of instinct and sentiment has differentiated him from others for the time being. These component, or atomic, parts of racial characteristics are generally easier to recognize than to analyze; but, as displayed in Japanese art and history, they are generally traceable to influences that have depressed the individual at the expense of the community to which he belongs.

The habit of thinking, feeling, and acting by groups is common to many Eastern civilizations; but Japan can claim to have extracted a high code of morals from a way of life which elsewhere has mainly influenced land tenure and property law. It has, however, been a misfortune, both to Europe and Japan, that Westerners have been inclined to look upon the noblest instincts in the Japanese character as pagan survivals, simply because they are coloured by that impersonal tint which to Europeans is incomprehensible and inhuman. Self-sacrifice is, presumably, the noblest instinct that any civilization can produce. Japanese and European history are full of examples of it; but, because Japanese heroes have been ready to sacrifice everything for objects for which a European would sacrifice very little, and because Europeans have been ready to suffer and die for things to which the Japanese attach but little importance, high-minded men in each civilization have been little able to appreciate the other's finest instincts. Let us give an example. Every Japanese audience will be stirred by the play in which Matsuo-maru sacrifices his little son for the emperor; every Japanese family will be stirred by the story. They watch two tender-hearted men executing a little boy, they see the father inspect the severed head of his own son, and declare it to be the emperor's without a movement or a tremor. They are stirred because they see an ordinary human being obliterate his affections and his emotions in the interests of the community existence to which he had sworn undying loyalty. It is the effacement of the individual, and of all that constitutes the individual, which moves a Japanese audience so deeply. Europeans read these stories with very different emotions. To them they are stories of feudalism run mad; why cannot Matsuo-maru hold his lands and titles by "knight service," or some other form of tenure, and save his family by paying "aids" to the new dynasty? The impersonal element in Japanese morals is to them very inhuman and repulsive.

On the other hand, thinking Japanese are often quite incapable of appreciating the sentiments which have compelled some of the heroes of European history to suffer and die for a cause, or a rule of life. John Hampden, for instance, is to most Japanese a mean and turbulent fellow, who, though very rich, refused to pay the king a trifling sum of money; why was he not proud to give him a very much larger one? They cannot appreciate the moral position of a man who prefers to die rather than disobey his own individual conscience. To them heroic action is obedience to that form of obligation which reduces the conscience to nothing. For different reasons, they find it difficult to understand the position of men and women who suffered death rather than disobey the rules of a dogmatic religion. The present reviewer once gave a Japanese Buddhist two very edifying

books upon the Protestant and Roman Catholic martyrs in England, in order to prove to him that men responsible to their consciences may be as brave and as unselfish as men who have sworn loyalty to an emperor or a clan. The Japanese returned the books respectfully, and said, "Your martyrs were certainly as brave and as dauntless as any samurai; but I don't understand what they were so obstinate about."

We have chosen examples of the extreme demands which the moral codes of two civilizations may make upon individuals. It should be remembered that the demands of the group upon the individual in Japanese society, and the rules of life which may compel a European to disobey the orders that he receives from his community, make graduated contrasts in every incident of Eastern and Western life. Fortunately, the contrasts and differences are less striking than the points of kinship. Europeans may find it difficult to admire the conduct of Matsuo-maru or of Yuranosuke-dono; but they can understand, and without difficulty, those Japanese characteristics which the individual develops for himself without interference from without. More fortunately still, Professor Nitobé subjects these characteristics to a fine, penetrating analysis in his admirable study.

CRITICAL ESSAYS

Critiques. By AUGUSTUS RALLI. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

MR. RALLI has succeeded in making a book out of eleven essays contributed to various periodicals on Emily Brontë, William Morris, Hardy, Swinburne, Jane Austen, Plutarch, Borrow, Pater, Charlotte Brontë, FitzGerald, and Boswell. His concern is mainly with the relation between a writer's life and art, and he confines his inquiry to the action of time and place on the spirit.

He suggests that the best of Hardy's work, particularly "Tess" and "The Return of the Native," is a dream of natural beauty disturbed from time to time by the intrusion of the modern world:—

"These [the strivings and cares of our modern mentality] are the clouds that appear singly or mass thickly upon the skies of 'Tess'—otherwise the fairest in the world of fiction. 'The Native,' though a faultless dream, was never many fathoms below the waking level, and its beauty was shot through with cares assimilated from the outer world. 'Tess' is composed of separate dreams, and though they are broken up by discordant sounds, while they endure their beauty is of the kind that suspends hell and ravishes the thronging audience."

The method of approach indicated in this quotation yields much suggestive matter, but we begin to doubt its serviceability when Mr. Ralli observes that Thackeray's art is less whole and perfect than Jane Austen's because Thackeray had been jarred by an unhappy youth.

Mr. Ralli is inclined to be carried away by plausible reasoning. A re-reading of great poets such as Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley disproves the assertion that "even the greatest poetry falls less resonantly on the ears of a later generation; it has become part of the common language, and as thousands speak it who have never consciously perceived it, the shock of novelty is gone." The shock of recognition or rediscovery in an old poet is far greater than the shock of novelty in a new one. No modern poet is as resonant to us as an old poet, not because the old poet is necessarily more resonant, but because we are accustomed to his cadences which form part of the rhythms of our daily speech.

He is illogical in his distinctions between the writer's self-fulfilment in his life and his art. It is not enough in our time, he remarks, to be a genius: the great man must also be sociable. There is much truth in this, but when he goes on to say—"Keats and Shelley were two of the most intense lyricists of all time, yet each laid aside his art before the close of his troubled life because the world would not listen. Surely this tribute of art to life proves that man's deepest desire is to be approved by man"—we suspect that there is something fundamentally wrong with his idea.

In our opinion, Mr. Ralli's criticism is often marred by a false conception of time and change. His view is conditioned by the thought implied in his reference to the present day as a "late hour of civilization."

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JAMES COLET had spent half his life in the office of an East India trading company, handling samples of rare spices and noting down in huge ledgers the names of Far Eastern cities and plantations. When he killed Perriam, his employer, and, after a night in the East End, found himself talking with the captain of a small trading ship in Gallion's Reach, he vaguely understood that some desire was being fulfilled. The ship sailed away with James Colet. Like the ship, he had severed all connection with the shore; the memory of the office and old Perriam lying on the carpet was completely blotted out:—

"The only reality was their present ship and its men. . . They were there. But beyond them was the old vaporous abstraction. Perhaps an Odyssey could begin with every voyage of every ship. But how was a voyager to know that? . . . It must all depend on the spectator himself. Perhaps there is no adventurous morning light showing things anew for those who sleep on. But there is no knowing whether one is awake or asleep."

That is the secret of this enchanting narrative. One seems to recognize Gallion's Reach, but then one remembers that it was only a dream. Or one imagines that the shipwreck was a dream, when it was in fact real. Sometimes the characters seem to be alive, but they change suddenly into the unreal figures of an hallucination. It is then that the magic of Mr. Tomlinson's descriptions begins to work, and the "vaporous abstraction" becomes substantial:—

"The crests of mountains floated in the heavens on invisible vapours, regions detached from the earth. . . Colet wondered whether his little party was not only off the map, but whether the map could contain a revelation of what was not only infinite but protean. He felt it was like his cheek, and smiled to himself, viewing his rags and dirt, to chance heart-beats against the universe."

Our Mr. Dormer, on the other hand, had his universe well under control. Mr. Dormer's universe, however, consisted solely of the front room of an East Anglian banking house, and a row of ledgers. Colet had lived in that world until he killed his employer. But when Mr. Dormer killed a highwayman he returned victoriously to the bank and became its manager. When he died, his son filled his place, and his grandson afterwards, and every year the bank increased in prosperity until in the end it became swallowed up in a vast business directed from London. Then it was rebuilt and the portrait of old Dormer who had watched the changes of a century was sent away to a museum.

Mr. Mottram has described these changes with considerable charm and knowledge. His sense of time, though acute, does not dominate his sense of character. "Our Mr. Dormer" is not an historical study; it is simply Our Mr. Dormer. For the personality of the old Quaker is transmitted through his son and grandson in spite of the various fortunes of the bank as it evolves slowly from a private house into a great business, in spite of the railways and of that thrilling evening of the Jubilee which began by Doughty Dormer ascending in a balloon and ended with a fire, in spite of the change from beer to wine, in spite of everything. It is an admirable study.

One of the changes, of course, was the rising importance of the individual. Our Mr. Dormer would have been puzzled with the characters in the last five novels in this list. He would have said: "Surely life did not seem so full of trouble in my time." And he would probably be right.

Miss Sinclair's "History of Anthony Waring" is altogether too slight. We turn the pages, as it were, of a photograph album, trying in vain to fit the various scenes together, to reconstruct a life from the reminiscences she gives us. And we find the same difficulty in Mr. Asquith's "study of a young man," though in this novel there is too much incident, too much conventional paraphernalia. Orland is rich and then loses all his money, falls in love with the

wrong woman, and finds the right one when it is too late and he is dying of wounds. We have too little opportunity to understand him as he flits through all these scenes. Sometimes, however, these incidents are finely drawn.

It is in the last three novels that the individual becomes real and important, in situations that often resemble one another because they do recur incessantly in life itself. "Passions spin the plot." The tragedy in each of these interesting stories is centred in the incompatibility of a man and a woman. And although no easy solution is found for the tangled lives of these people, something is achieved in the end by the sublimation of their sexual relationships into another state. Thus Lydia in "It is Better To Tell," having lost Tancred, her lover, because she considered herself an obstacle in the way of his genius, devotes herself to his two children. Joanna, in "The Land of Green Ginger," can forget her husband's consumption and the bitter tongues of the Yorkshire villagers who accuse her of being the mistress of her lodger, by retreating into a fairyland created out of old ballads and Raleigh's "Voyage to Guinea." And Philip Downes, in "A Good Woman," having found that his vocation was not preaching to the natives, but interpreting the paganism which he discovered first at a fertility rite in Africa and afterwards among the blast-furnaces of Baltimore, escapes from an hysterical wife and a domineering mother (the "good woman") by teaching himself to paint. There are fine passages in all these books: Mrs. Coyle's sensitive descriptions of Antwerp, Miss Holtby's of a bitter struggle for existence in a farmhouse on the Yorkshire moors, Mr. Bromfield's of the tyranny of a great steel-works. Moreover, they are not isolated patches in the story. For the characters are alive in their environment, helping to create it, and being themselves moulded by it, as one by one they are compelled to admit what Joanna's husband had discovered—"that the assignment of human griefs and satisfactions has nothing to do with justice."

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Professor Malinowski's book is divided into four parts. The first contains a comparison between family life in the matrilineal Trobriands and in Europe. The second part deals with mother-right in myth, and sexual perversion, as well as the dreams of the Trobrianders. Part three is devoted to the views of Freud and Ernest Jones concerning the beginnings of human society. Professor Malinowski in the fourth part sketches out his scheme of the beginnings of organized society.

The first part of the book is the most valuable, for it deals with situations with which Professor Malinowski is familiar. The comparison between Trobriand and European society is illuminating, for it shows that our social system in Europe subjects us to strains and stresses, and produces nervous disturbances that are rare or unknown among the lowly savages of the Trobriands.

Professor Malinowski then turns aside from the discussion of matters with which he is familiar, and proceeds to consider the theoretical aspects of the problems with which he is confronted. In his words, this part of the book is "the most important and at the same time the most debatable. From the anthropological point of view at least, it is a pioneering piece of work; an attempt at an exploration of the 'no-specialist's-land' between the science of man and that of the animal" (p. x.). Professor Malinowski disarms criticism, but his arguments will have to be abandoned for the most part. He will have to put to the test his own saying: "It is as important for a student or for a school to be able to withdraw from an untenable position as to pioneer ahead into new fields of discovery." His theory, that the

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family is the core of human society, is perfectly sound doctrine. But his additional theories concerning the relationship between the animal and the human family are as untenable as are those of Freud and Ernest Jones. He indulges in speculation regarding the beginnings of human culture. He seems to oppose "custom" to instinct, but asserts that both work to the same end, namely, the preservation of the family.

The following quotations will give some idea of his modes of reasoning. He says on page 199: "A social taboo does not derive its form from instinct, it always has to work against some innate impulse." He then goes on to say that "The mother has to observe taboos, she follows certain customs and submits to ritual proceedings" (p. 209). He further amplifies his remarks by saying: "Thus it can be said without exaggeration that culture in its traditional bidding duplicates the instinctive drive" (pp. 209-10). He speaks also of the rôle of the father, and states that "the father is . . . endowed with definite impulses—not sufficient to establish natural paternity, but powerful enough to serve as the raw material out of which custom is fashioned" (p. 210). In another place he says that these innate impulses have disappeared (p. 204). This series of statements seems to contain serious contradictions. Custom impedes instincts; at the same time it strengthens them and is derived from them: innate impulses are possessed and are not possessed. Moreover, the father, possessed of an innate tendency to live with his wife and family (pp. 204, 210, 214), "is made to remain with his wife" (pp. 211-2), for unexplained reasons.

Exogamy, so we are informed, is due to the need to prevent the consequences of the incestuous desires felt by a son towards his mother. This incestuous longing is not due to the infantile experience of contact with the mother, but is awakened in a man when he embraces his loved one, who, presumably, would forthwith be abandoned if custom did not decree otherwise.

These samples of Professor Malinowski's theories suggest that he would render science greater service by publishing more of the results of his four years' stay in the Trobriands.

W. J. PERRY.

A DUCHESS

The Beautiful Duchess. Being an Account of the Life and Times of Elizabeth Gunning Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. By HORACE BLEACKLEY. (Lane, 8s. 6d.)

THE eighteenth century, a period full of glamour for the historian who moves in its higher circles, has provided Mr. Bleackley with a rich fund of biographical material. The present book is a reprint of one of his earliest studies in the manners and personalities of that time. It is a romantic biography, the products of careful research being woven into a story whose central figure walks with consistent dignity and virtue through a society which could often boast neither. The character of Elizabeth Gunning, the Irish beauty, was, as Mr. Bleackley points out, less antithetical to Richardson's ideal than the author of "Pamela" indignantly believed; and after resisting a host of gay admirers in her dazzling youth, she appears as a model of patience and long-suffering throughout her two successive marriages with Dukes.

The Duchess had, indeed, all the virtues except that of forgiving her enemies. Her lofty pride was never more fully evidenced than during her one encounter with the irrepressible James Boswell, when she declared sharply to Dr. Johnson in his presence, "I know nothing of Mr. Boswell." But then his offence was one the Duchess could hardly be expected to overlook; vehement supporter as he had been of her antagonists in the Douglas cause. Mr. Bleackley inevitably devotes much space to discussion of this celebrated case. Not only was the Duchess intimately concerned in it as the mother of the counter-claimant, but the question was for long an absorbing subject of gossip, speculation, and expensive wagers amongst the aristocracy. Was the dark-haired, swarthy Archibald Douglas—born in some unidentified locality in Paris—the true son of the elderly Lady Jane, and heir to the Douglas estates, or was he, as alleged by the opponents, the kidnapped child of a French couple named

Mignon? The Scottish Court of Session decided against the claimant. The House of Lords, however, reversed the verdict, thus committing, in the author's opinion, an error of judgment which was not free from the charge of partiality. Mr. Bleackley's presentation of the facts, supplemented by appendices examining the evidence in detail, leaves little credibility in the defenders' arguments. But in the absence of positive proof on either side, the Douglas cause, with its contradictory verdicts and amazing evidence, still remains something of a mystery.

Apart from that, the Duchess moves against a background of blatant lights and shadows. Here is all the tinsel glory of elaborate masques and water pageants, of evenings at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, of ladies with rich jewels and mountainous coiffure; while a mere scratching of the surface reveals the debauchery of husbands, infidelity of wives, and all the kindred indiscretions that provide the newspapers with material for "scurrilous" attacks. Minor characters are vividly touched in; as, for example, the Princess Royal, Augusta of Brunswick, described as "a genial princess with white hair, full lips, and a thick, hasty stutter, who might have passed for George the Third in petticoats." Enthusiasm for his heroine rarely deprives Mr. Bleackley of judgment or a sense of humour, and the book as a whole is more entertaining than many a historical romance.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE publishing season has started with a full swing, and biographical books seem to lead the way. Among others the following may be noted: "The Diary of Russell Beresford," edited by Cecil Roberts (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); "Under Three Reigns," by the Hon. Mrs. Gell (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.); "Up and Down Stream," by Harry Gosling (Methuen, 7s. 6d.); "Early Socialist Days," by W. Stephen Sanders (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.); "Reminiscences of Adventure and Service," by Major-General A. W. Greely (Scribners, 15s.).

The following are some travel books: "Romantic Java," by H. S. Banner (Seeley Service, 21s.); "To the Mysterious Lorian Swamp," by Captain C. Wightwick Haywood (Seeley Service, 21s.); "Jungle Paths and Inca Ruins," by W. Montgomery McGovern (Hutchinson, 21s.); "The Pilgrim's Guide to Franciscan Italy," by Peter F. Anson (Sands, 6s.); "Romantic California," by Ernest Peixotto (Scribners, 12s. 6d.).

Everyone interested in the Co-operative Movement will welcome the publication of "The Woman with the Basket," by Catherine Webb (Women's Co-operative Guild, 3s. 6d.), which gives the history of the Women's Co-operative Guild from 1883 to 1927.

Among religious books the following should be noted: "The Reunion of the Churches," by G. J. Jordan (Constable, 12s.), a study of "Leibnitz and his great attempt"; "Can these Bones Live?," by J. Worsley Boden (Constable, 4s. 6d.); "Private Prayer in Christian Story," by Jane T. Stoddart (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.).

BOOK IN BRIEF

Le Vicomte Lainé. By EMILE DE PERCIVAL. 2 vols. (Champion.)

THIS biography would be twice as interesting if it were half the length. Lainé was a high-minded liberally inclined Royalist, who was never dazzled by Napoleon and always sensible under Louis XVIII. During the Hundred Days particularly he showed great courage amid almost universal poltroonery. As a Cabinet Minister under the Restoration he leaves a good record behind him. But nine hundred large pages are considerably too many, and M. de Percival is reduced to mentioning whenever Lainé has had a temperature and filling up his space with paeans of his own. The French mania for writing books of an enormous length is becoming one of the milder menaces to civilization. Students of the Restoration, a particularly interesting period in French history, will find a good deal to interest them in this book, but the method of presentation is far from happy.

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THE H.M.V. have produced a very beautiful series of records of Bach's Motet "Jesu, Joy and Treasure," sung by the Bach Cantata Club, conducted by C. Kennedy Scott. The motet occupies four complete records, two 12-inch and two 10-inch (D1256-7, 6s. 6d. each, and E458-9, 4s. 6d. each). It is, perhaps, the finest choral record so far produced. Apart from the ordinary difficulties of recording vocal music, the choir tends, if one may judge from results, to present one peculiar difficulty, connected with the volume of sound. In many choral records the voices of the singers suddenly at the wrong moment seem to recede far away, or, what is worse, the basses will suddenly sound as if they were singing a few feet, the tenors as if they singing a quarter of a mile, from the listener's ear. This is rarely, if ever, the case in these Bach records: the singing and the recording are alike admirable. Another choral record, just issued, is an interesting contrast to the Bach. It contains Byrd's "Justorum Animæ" and Stanford's "Beati Quorum via integra est," sung by the New College Chapel Choir (10-in. record. B2447. 3s.). Byrd's work is very beautiful, and can hold its own when placed beside the Bach, but when compared with the older composers the Stanford rather fades out.

A good orchestral record is the work of an orchestra new to the gramophone, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. They play the lively and amusing Coppelius Ballet—"Dance of the Automaton and Waltz" of Delibes, and a not very distinguished "Caprice Viennois" of Kreisler (12-in. record. D1272. 6s. 6d.).

A light music record which can be recommended is one on which Aileen Stanley sings "Don't be angry with me" and Jane Green "If I'd only believed in you" (B2521. 3s.). The following are foxtrots: "Mountain Greenery," Roger Wolfe Kahn, and "What's the use of talking?," George Olsen (B5313. 3s.), and "Lucky Day" and "Maybe it's me," Jack Hylton (B5314. 3s.).

BELTONA RECORDS

THE Beltona new electrical process records have improved very much in quality of tone lately. The New Sullivan Selection, played by the Beltona Military Band is an excellent record (1252. 2s. 6d.). The 3s. records include "Oh Open the Door," "Land of the Leal," and "The De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman," sung by John Mathewson, baritone (6080), and "Over Here" and "The Holly and the Ivy," sung by Jean Houston, soprano (6077). Among the 2s. 6d. records are: "Poëm" and "Bells across the Meadow," played by the Sutherland Orchestra (1251); "Sing, Sweet Bird" and "The Lilac Tree," sung by Renee McGulloch, soprano (1224); "Beware of the Maidens" and "When Song is Sweet," sung by Elliot Dobie, bass (1226); "My Tumbledown Cottage of Dreams" and "Honolulu Moon," sung by Eric Wyndham and John Roberts (1245); "Sleep and Forget" and "If I might only come to you," cornet solos by Lieutenant Pell (1250); "You Know I Love You" and "Little Brown Baby," foxtrots (1247); "Positively Absolutely" and "Side by Side," foxtrots (1248).

THE OWNER-DRIVER

WE have only another fortnight to wait and we shall know then the shape, size, and price of Mr. Henry Ford's new car, because it will be on view in London.

The astute manufacturer likes to keep folk guessing; it is a cheap and effective form of publicity. And he is remarkably clever in guarding his secrets. When he sent his first Fordson tractor over here during the War all information concerning it was refused, and that naturally led to increased activities in Press circles. The late Mr. Walter Staner, the first editor of the AUTOCAR, was most anxious to secure a scoop for his journal, and asked me to lend a hand.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Staner was in receipt of a message that photographs of the Tractor, with technical details, and an account of my first experience as a tractor driver, were on their way to the AUTOCAR office, and, much to the chagrin of the editorial staff of the FORD TIMES, Europe got its first authentic information about the new Fordson from an English motor journal and not from the official Ford publication.

To make sure that no stranger should see the machine the Ford chiefs had had it conveyed by lorry, under cover, to a German internment camp in a very quiet spot in Cheshire. How I discovered its whereabouts and gained access to it, in spite of the armed military guard, would make an interesting story, but I have not the space here.

My object in mentioning Mr. Ford, his productions, and his methods is to suggest that his latest enterprise may have a more far-reaching effect upon owner-drivers than the world realizes at this moment.

It is within my knowledge that certain British firms whose policies and prices for 1928 have been announced already, are wondering whether they have been wise in disclosing their plans so soon. In the opinion of a few well-informed people this anxiety arises through the fear that the terrific battle pending between the Ford company and General Motors, Limited, is bound to affect everybody concerned in the manufacture of cheap cars. No doubt it will, but I think prices will be more influenced by the competition amongst British firms.

There is plenty of evidence, even if it has not reached the public ken, that all the fighting is not going to be on American soil.

We are going to see "a lovely scrap" at home, between a few of our own manufacturers who have capital and resources enough now to enable them to do big things. The heads of these businesses realize that the making of cheap cars is a profitable job so long as they can sell sufficient, and there is going to be a bold bid for a greatly increased market.

The big organization has a tremendous pull over the small concern, if well managed, and some of the new models, although cheaper than those of the current season, are going to be worth more money, owing to improved design and reduced costs of production.

These in turn will compete severely with cars which have been considered in a rather superior class, and I think one or two good firms whose prices are already fixed for the Show will be very lucky indeed if they leave Olympia next month with orders sufficient to make them happy.

I am intensely interested in the developments which are taking place in the small car market. Thousands of people who have owned an automobile of not less than twelve horse-power, are still inclined to regard a car of appreciably lower power as a toy. But the Austin "Seven" and the little Jowett have "blazed a trail" which others intend to widen and some of the new small cars to be introduced by other makers of repute will create a new army of owner-drivers.

It is a sign of the times that the speed enthusiast may gratify his ambition with a capital outlay of less than £200 and without incurring anything more than a modest liability for tax, insurance or upkeep. I hear that buyers in this class will shortly have the offer of a speed model, produced by the Jowett Company, who, without any increase in their present 7 h.p. rating and with little advance in price over their touring car, intend to list a sports model guaranteed to do sixty miles an hour.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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- | | | | |
|--------|-------------------------------------|--------|--------------------------------------|
| E458 { | Jesu, Joy and Treasure (I) | D { | There now is nought of condem- |
| 4/6 { | (a) While Thine arms are round | 1256 { | nation (II) |
| | me (III) | 6/6 { | (a) Nought on earth is lasting (VII) |
| | (b) For the Spirit of Life in Jesus | | (b) Though Jesus Christ in you |
| | Christ hath made me free (IV) | | abide (VIII) |
| E459 { | Hence thou noisome serpent! (V) | D { | Farewell all that's mortal (IX) |
| 4/6 { | Ye are not in the Flesh (VI) | 1257 { | (a) But if in you God's Spirit (X) |
| | | 6/6 { | (b) Banish fear and sadness (XI) |

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CONVERSION AGAIN—A SECURITY PRICE INDEX WARNING—A RUBBER GAMBLE—BORNEO PREFERENCE—AMERICAN TAXES.

THE "big demand" (sic) for conversion forms from holders of maturing 5 per cent. and 4 per cent. National War Bonds (2nd series) and 3½ per cent. War Loan shows, if we are to believe the City Editor of the TIMES, that "discerning people realize that the present issue of 3½ per cent. Conversion loan, if not the final issue of the stock, will be the last to be offered at 74½." We wonder. We also wonder how the TIMES arrives at its figure of 74½. We have seen a careful calculation prepared by a prominent firm of stockbrokers which shows that taking into account redemption value and interest on the convertible stocks, the cost of the new 3½ per cent. Conversion loan amounts to 74.97 to holders of 3½ per cent. War Loan and 73.95 to holders of 5 per cent. National War Bonds. At any rate this will be the third time, if we may repeat ourselves, that 3½ per cent. Conversion has had to be offered on terms more favourable than the time before. It will pay 3½ per cent. War Loan holders to convert, of course, if by next March, when 3½ per cent. War Loan falls due, 3½ per cent. Conversion stands at something over 75. That will depend upon money rates, new Government conversion schemes, and the operation of the sinking fund. Meanwhile some large operators have found it cheaper to sell 3½ per cent. War Loan instead of converting and buy 3½ Conversion in the market at the current price of 74 7-16.

Another financial contemporary came out last week with a warning against the rise in industrial shares. The warning was based upon a security price index figure which we venture to think is somewhat misleading. A list was drawn up of fifty-two shares which were active on October 15th, 1926, and September 9th, 1927, and the average percentage change during each of the intervening weeks was calculated from their prices. Taking the index for the week ending October 15th, 1926, as 100, it was found that by the week ending September 8th, 1927, the index had risen to 124.5. Out of the fifty-two shares, thirteen had risen by more than 45 per cent., twenty-six by more than 25 per cent., and thirty-nine by more than 5 per cent. From these indices it was concluded that the rise in industrial shares was being overdone. We do not agree that the conclusion is necessary or the calculation sound.

Much depends upon the selection of these fifty-two industrial shares. We find that the list includes eight preference shares and two preferred ordinary shares. Why? The investment demand for preference shares has nothing to do with the speculative demand for industrial equities as represented by ordinary shares. Next there is apparently no attempt to weight the individual price movements. A rise of 25 per cent. in an ordinary share capital of, say, £200,000 is a very different index of speculation from a rise of 25 per cent. in an ordinary share capital of, say, £2,000,000. But each counts as a rise of 25 per cent. in making up the average for the lot. And we doubt whether the list is a fair representation of British industrials. The iron and steel industry is represented, for example, only by Bengal Iron and Vickers, and the textile industry by Coats and Salts (Saltaire). And there are thirteen companies whose business lies outside Great Britain altogether. This points the danger of basing action in the stock markets on the trend of index numbers.

A warning might be given with more reason against speculation in the rubber commodity. A pamphlet has recently been widely distributed by a firm of produce brokers which contains an invitation to gamble in the rubber commodity market. The invitation is based upon a questionable forecast of the present position of rubber, and its probable fluctuations in price during the next two years. The authors are engagingly frank. They base their "bull"

view of the commodity market on the theory that a rubber shortage will be experienced during the next two years. Many assumptions are made which are no more than wild guesses—for example, that the increase in the consumption of rubber will be about 15 per cent. per annum, that the restriction scheme is now working down to an effective 60 per cent. of the "standard" production, that production of reclaimed rubber is growing less, and so on. The authors thereupon suggest that half the fall in rubber since 1925 will be recovered during 1928—which would bring the price to 2s. 10d. per lb.—and invite the reader to employ £200 in buying nine tons of rubber—three tons for delivery in April, 1928, three tons in May, and three tons in June. The average price taken at the time of writing was 1s. 6½d. per lb. The buyer is recommended to put in a "stop loss" order, i.e., if the market fell to 1s. 4½d. the buyer "cuts out." The £200 is lost, but no more, while every 1d. per lb. advance in price produces a profit of £84 per ton and on the ultimate advance expected the profit is £1,512. The best commentary on this gamble is the course of the rubber market since the invitation was issued. The price has fallen from 1s. 6½d. per lb. to 1s. 3½d. per lb. (on Monday of this week), which is the lowest price since October, 1924. Presumably the clients of these produce brokers have already been "cut out." In fact, it is weak speculation of this sort which is chiefly responsible for the collapse in the rubber market this week. Money gambled in the rubber commodity market at the present time would, we think, be better employed on dog racing. The truth is that the rubber restriction scheme is having its last chance, and if stocks do not decline this month, "restriction" will have to be revised. The problems to tackle are the over-assessment of estates, the unissued export coupons, and the smuggling of raw rubber.

The 7½ per cent. Convertible Preference shares of the Borneo Company which stand at 1½, become more attractive with the steady expansion of earnings which has just been reported. From 1923 to 1925 the Company was not earning as much as it paid out in ordinary dividends. The recovery since 1924 is shown in the following table:—

Year ended March 31st.	Net Profit.	Dividend on Ordinary Shares.		Approp. to Reserves.
		Int. 2½%	Final 2½%	
1924	£48,242	" 2½%	" 3½%	—
1925	55,931	" 3%	" 4%	—
1926	87,518	" 3%	" 5%	£30,000
1927	101,544	" 3%	" 5%	35,000

The balance-sheet shows reserves at £422,175, and a surplus of current assets over current liabilities of £862,442. The increase in profits is in part due to the recovery in the teak business, but the Company is interested in a variety of operations, including tea planting, rubber growing, brick works, and motors. The preference shares can be converted into ordinary shares at par up to October 1st, 1932. The ordinary shares now stand at 1½. The capital consists of 400,000 preference and 600,000 ordinary shares of £1.

As we have from time to time recommended American bonds and investment stocks, we have been asked to state the position of a British holder with regard to American income tax. Briefly, American income taxes consist of the normal tax and the surtax (corresponding, roughly, to our income tax and super tax), which are payable on income from sources within the United States only. Hence interest on foreign Government bonds and securities of corporations not incorporated or having a place of business in the United States is free of all American taxes. Further, the dividends on common and preferred stocks of American Corporations are free of the normal tax, but surtax is payable if the total income from American sources exceeds \$10,000. Finally, if the taxable income from sources within the United States does not exceed \$1,500, there is no liability to tax.

